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The Week

THIS week the nations of the earth are commemorating the tenth anniversary of the most terrible, destructive and bloody war in all history, a war whose horrors of size and technique are familiar in the mouth of every orator and editorial writer in all countries sufficiently civilized to possess a rostrum or a printing press. Sensible men in every land agree with the majority opinion of the experts that it was a needless, senseless conflict in which no genuine moral question was in the beginning involved, a war which settled nothing and was followed by a peace treaty which counterbalanced a few good features by being in the main cruelly unjust and impossible of execution. Of all the chief nations, the only ones which are not now staggering under an enormous burden of debt are those which have repudiated their obligations. The passions aroused, not at the beginning of the monstrous conflict but during its course, are still so tempestuous that a renewal of war, or the breaking out of a new one, is feared in half a dozen parts of Europe.

YET with all this true, and universally admitted, to be a "pacifist" is to endure a greater stigma in

the United States today than in 1914. Politicians and military men labor unceasingly to get a bigger and ever bigger army and navy. They fervently, publicly pray that our citizens may become imbued with precisely the spirit which in 1917 we characterized as Prussianism, and set out to crush. If they dared, they would demand universal military training, which is the only logical result from the volunteer training camp movement for which such floods of propaganda have been put forth this summer. If you are brave enough to deplore the use of force, the disastrous failure of which we have lately seen so terribly demonstrated, you are branded as a Communist and a bomb-thrower. If such a situation does not make the angels weep, they are indeed arid of tears.

A FASCINATING but doubtful subject of speculation is that of the real meaning of the refusal of the American bankers to float the proposed German loan provided France retained the legal right in the event of future German default to reoccupy the Ruhr. Mr. J. P. Morgan before sailing for Europe disclaimed on the part of his firm any political motive. They were bankers and were interested only in obtaining sufficient security for the clients to whom they would have to sell the reparation bonds. He was doubtless perfectly sincere in publishing this explanation, but the French have not accepted it at its face value; and there is some excuse for their scepticism. It implies on the part of J. P. Morgan and Company a belief that if the Ruhr should not be evacuated, or if evacuated, should be exposed to reoccupation, the economic recovery of Germany is impossible. This belief is, we think, true, but if true it is a political quite as much as a financial verdict. It is surely doubtful whether J. P. Morgan and Company and the other bankers would have assumed a position as unyielding as they have assumed unless they were surreptitiously being urged to assume it by their own governments. Or to put it the other way around, if the British and American governments had sincerely consented to the reoccupation of the Ruhr in the event of German default, the British and American bankers would hardly have assumed the responsibility of holding up the proposed settlement.

ACCORDING to all appearances, however, it is the bankers rather than some other people in authority who have finally replied to the demand of the French government for the right to reoccupy the Ruhr at its own discretion with an ultimatum. When some eighteen months ago M. Poincaré ordered the French army to invade Germany, the British government considered the act unwise but wished its allies God-speed in their adventure. The American government evidently disapproved, but it was not explicit or disagreeable in urging its disapproval. The other governments all consented. The invasion was clearly an act of war which would have resulted in bloodshed if the Germans had possessed the power to resist. Yet the British and American churches, which had been valiantly crusading against war in the abstract, as usual found some good reason for failing to apply their principles to the concrete case. Neither politics nor religion, that is, in their organized official expression found any reason to condemn unequivocally an act of violence against a disarmed and helpless people or the exaction of a humiliating and degrading penalty for the failure to meet impossible obligations. An ultimatum to the effect that such acts shall not be, or if rescinded, shall not be repeated, when it came, came apparently from the financiers and not from politicians or churchmen.

IF the ultimatum against such acts of violence as the occupation or reoccupation of the Ruhr has been delivered by finance rather than the state or the church, it is, of course, because financiers are more accustomed to recognize realities in concrete form than are politicians and clergymen. Like all acts of international violence the occupation of the Ruhr tended to undermine security of all kind—political, religious and financial. Politicians like the British Prime Minister and the American Secretary of State did not like the French adventure, but they and their colleagues did not feel sure enough about its sheer impossibility and immorality to risk the credit of their government by open opposition. As for the churchmen, they were still so pro-French and so anti-German that they could not become very much interested in possible wrongs done to Germany by France. The insecurity which the French violence created was not allowed to assume its full importance in the public mind until it became necessary as part of a general settlement to lend some money to Germany. Then the bankers discovered that all the resources of Germany provided no sufficient security for a loan of \$200,000,000 so long as France occupied or had the right again to occupy the Ruhr. In other words the French under the pretext of collecting a debt had deprived the German nation of that which every self-respecting people holds most precious, viz: the fundamental securities of life—their ability to live and labor in peace and to enjoy the fruits of their own work. The civilized world had looked

on in supine acquiescence while France under the forms of international law and without explicit protest from any authority, national, international or religious, had converted German property and life into a worthless risk.

IN adopting the official title of Progressive for the party which will try to elect Senator La Follette to the Presidency, the Senator's managers have selected wisely. There is no other designation which will serve their purpose so efficiently during the present campaign. Whatever else the Senator's supporters may be, they are or they consider themselves to be progressive. The name is both descriptive and comprehensive; and it most sharply distinguishes the miscellaneous La Follette army from their no less miscellaneous competitors. Progressive is for Americans the best word with which to characterize the opposite of conservative. In Great Britain they have preferred the word liberal, but liberalism means something much more precious than partisan progressivism. We are glad that in this country no political party has attempted to appropriate it. Liberalism is always desirable. It is a matter of the spirit. Conservatism is sometimes desirable and sometimes undesirable. Progressivism is sometimes desirable and sometimes undesirable. It happens to be extremely desirable in the United States at the present time. Such is the conviction which binds all the supporters of La Follette together. They may wish eventually to select some still more descriptive designation, but for their immediate purposes they are chiefly and distinctly Progressives.

THE proposal to run Mayor Hylan for Governor of New York on the Progressive ticket is in our opinion open to unanswerable objections. The most fatal objection is the quality of the man. He is not only an utter demagogue, but he is a really unprogressive one. As between him and Al Smith an intelligent Progressive would surely vote for the present Governor of New York. As a matter of politics it seems to us far preferable not to nominate any official Progressive candidate for governor in opposition to Mr. Smith. There is a large possible vote for La Follette among the Governor's supporters in New York City and up state. If the Progressives compromise Smith's reelection by nominating Hylan, this Smith following would be alienated from La Follette rather than attracted to him. They are perfectly capable of splitting the ticket and voting for La Follette and Smith. Hundreds of thousands of them did something of the kind four years ago. On the other hand any Progressive who has scruples about Al Smith will have an admirable candidate for governor to support in the Socialist nominee, Mr. Norman Thomas. Mr. Thomas is a man of high character, of rare ability and of thorough-going radicalism. He is an ethical rather than a "scientific" Socialist and is utterly op-

posed to violence. It would be as unwise for the Progressives to organize opposition to him, as it would be for them to make themselves responsible for dangerous opposition to Governor Smith.

THE Federal Trade Commission has ordered the United States Steel Corporation to end the system known as "Pittsburgh Plus"; and the only wonder is why this order was not issued long ago. Pittsburgh Plus has been one of the most brazen examples in recent history of gouging the public through practically monopolistic control of a market. Under it, the purchaser of rolled steel products, no matter where they were produced, paid a standard price plus an additional sum for freight. This addition did not represent the cost of shipping steel from the actual point of production, but from Pittsburgh. A skyscraper in Chicago might be built with steel from nearby Gary, Indiana, but every pound of it had to carry the charge for its imaginary journey from Pittsburgh to Chicago. Thirty million dollars a year is the estimated loss to the farmers alone, in eleven Middle Western states, because of this polite hold-up game; and it may have been even greater. The only comparable situation is that which formerly existed among the transcontinental railroads, which forced anyone shipping freight to cities near the Pacific Ocean to pay for an additional imaginary journey to tidewater and return.

THE decision of the Federal Trade Commission, if not overthrown, will have an effect on the steel industry remotely like that which the Giant Power System will finally have on light manufactures. The importance of Pittsburgh as a manufacturing centre will be diminished, the industry decentralized, and the usefulness of plants at strategic geographic points, such as Gary, greatly enhanced. In fact, for the first time in many years, the production of steel will be guided chiefly by engineering considerations. No doubt the usual howl will be heard about "autocratic interference with private business by the Federal government." If it is, it will be as usual, unjustified.

THE plea of guilty entered by Leopold and Loeb appears to have startled both the public and the prosecution. The surprising thing about it is its preternatural reasonableness. This decision recognizes the undesirability of these boys ever being at large again and the certainty that any attempt to acquit them would bring them the death penalty. More than six weeks ago the New Republic pointed out the wisdom of such a clear facing of the facts. The attempt to obtain a sentence of commitment to a hospital is still fraught with great difficulty and danger. It is an open secret that the experts do not regard their patients as in any strict sense insane. At the same time the boys are undeniably the victims of serious and most unpleasant abnormalities which almost certainly predisposed them to

crime. Not only will this distinction be hard to demonstrate to a court of laymen; the revelation of the facts which justify it will be extremely painful to those who must do it, in many cases the closest friends and relatives of the accused. Nevertheless justice demands that it should be done.

The Dominant Issue

AN American presidential election in which three candidates and three parties compete with some chance of success for the favor of the electorate involves the intelligent voter in an unusually difficult choice. It is not, as in the case of most presidential elections, an exclusive choice. Not being an exclusive choice it demands some complexities of discrimination and some measure of positive preference. There's the rub. It is notorious that when the American voter does not vote with his party, he usually votes No. The victor is not victorious: the vanquished is defeated. In 1920 the voters were obliged to elect Harding in order to beat Cox. In 1916 they were obliged to elect Wilson in order to beat Hughes. But in 1912 with Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson all in the field, after having decided whom they would vote against, they also had to decide which of the other two candidates they would vote for. In 1924 with three candidates also in the field, the difficulty of the choice is increased by the doubtfulness of the probable result. Twelve years ago the election of Wilson was a foregone conclusion. This year, although it is improbable that either La Follette or Davis can be elected, it is far from certain that Coolidge will succeed himself. The large number of voters who wish chiefly to climb on the band wagon may not recognize it when it is going by, or (terrible thought) there may be no band wagon in the procession.

No matter how he casts his ballot the voter will not only have to vote against one candidate and for another, but in many instances he will have to vote in favor of the death of one party and the survival of another. Ordinarily this is not the case. The man who voted for the Republican party in 1916 or 1920 did not by his vote tend to extinguish the Democratic party. He assumed that the defeated party would recover from its defeat and live to fight again another day. Republicanism presupposes Democracy. If there were no Democratic party, the Republicans would have to invent a coördinate competitor in order to justify their own survival. The two-party system provides a method of dividing the power of the state between a pair of governing agencies which makes them both indispensable to one another and a third competitor intolerable. If the new party should survive, either one of the older parties will have to pass out or else the Constitution will have to be changed. The American government will not work unless the party system almost invariably produces

the majority which is required to elect a president, and this is precisely what a three-party system cannot do. Of the three parties or possible parties which are competing for popular favor in 1924, two will survive and one perish. This circumstance raises an issue which seems to us by far the most important of the campaign.

A vote for La Follette is essentially a vote to bring a third party into existence. A vote against La Follette is for the most part a vote to prevent a third party from coming into existence. An elector who votes against La Follette but for Coolidge may, indeed, be neutral about the question of a third party. But if he votes against La Follette and for Davis he does his utmost to prevent the formation of a third party. So long as a vote one way or the other may have such important effects on the mechanism of American government, the implied issue becomes more momentous than any which concern the personalities or the programs of the candidates. All three nominees have occupied for years more or less conspicuous public positions, and the administrative branch of the government under their direction would continue to operate during their term of office with only minor vicissitudes. Considering the existing chaos of public opinion no one of them can carry out any important destructive or constructive legislation. But if La Follette were elected or if he succeeded in preventing the election of Davis or Coolidge or if he should poll a percentage of the popular vote larger than Roosevelt did in 1912, the organization of a new party, capable possibly of challenging the supremacy of the older parties, would almost certainly follow. On the other hand if La Follette makes a poor showing and if either Davis or Coolidge is elected by as considerable a margin as Wilson was in 1912, the combination of more or less radical factions which is supporting La Follette would almost certainly fall apart after the election, and the organization of a third party would proceed with smaller chance of success.

Such being the circumstances a vote in the election of 1924, no matter what the intention of the voter, will have as its chief meaning either a will to break the existing Democratic-Republican monopoly of political power or else the will indefinitely to perpetuate the monopoly. A voter who is dissatisfied with things as they are and wishes to prepare American public opinion and American agencies of government for radical social and economic changes by Constitutional agitation will give heavy hostages to his conscience if he votes against La Follette. For the existing two-party monopoly of power is the citadel of American conservatism. In so far as progressive agitators can threaten this monopoly and force the two major parties to transform themselves in order to deal with the threat, then they have some chance of bringing about the reforms which they desire and of being themselves in part responsible for the changes. But if the

monopoly of the two existing parties remains unshaken, the responsibility for legislating on behalf of social and economic readjustment will remain in the hands of the people who, as a matter of interest and outlook, are opposed to anything of the kind.

Of course there are many anti-La Follette voters who will express sincerely liberal convictions by choosing John W. Davis. We are questioning not their motives but their judgment. They are doing liberalism a poor service by voting to prevent the manufacture of a political instrument, dedicated by its express purpose and by the interests of its members, to agitation on behalf of a redistribution of economic and social power. They are in fact voting to perpetuate the Democratic party as the political agent of American social and economic progress at the very moment when that party has deliberately diminished its qualifications for the task. By nominating a candidate with Davis's associations in preference to other possible candidates the Democratic party testified clearly to its indisposition to place its party prestige and machinery at the disposal of the economically disfranchised and aggrieved classes. It has, consequently, tended to alienate many of its former members who are themselves and now more than ever interested in a redistribution of social and economic power. The progressive infusion in the Democratic party has in the past consisted chiefly of the large number of urban workers who usually voted for Democratic candidates. The loyalty of these workers to the Democracy in 1912 was one of the chief obstacles to the success of Mr. Roosevelt and to the survival of the Progressive party. It fixed the status of the Bull Moose as that of a lower middle class faction. If the class-conscious American workers desert the Democratic party, as they are now tending to desert it, it will suffer an irreparable loss as a political agent of social and economic readjustment. Its membership will, like the membership of the Republican party, consist chiefly of people whose activities, interests and outlook indispose them to look the need and consequences of radical social changes squarely in the face.

The most interesting and significant question which British politics raises at the present time is the question whether the Liberal or the Labor party will survive as the political opponent of conservatism. It looks to us as if the most significant question in American politics concerns the survival of the Progressive or the Democratic party as the official partisan opponent of a consciously conservative Republicanism. The Republicans will, of course, persist. In any event there must be one party, composed of beneficiaries of the existing distribution of social and economic power, who will do their best to identify American national policy with the perpetuation of their opportunities and privileges. Obviously there will be an official opposition which will dispute with the conservative party the title to popular confidence. A vote for La Follette affirms

that this opposing party should be committed to progressivism by the activities and interests of its members. A vote for Davis affirms the desirability of maintaining the existing system of two middle-class parties, both representative chiefly of vested interests and both pandering in small ways and under the compulsion of occasions to the need of reconstructive legislation. A vote for either alternative is something of a gamble, but the Davis supporter should not deceive himself about the nature of the chance which he is taking. Although there are many persuasive reasons for preferring Davis to La Follette, they are reasons which ignore or evade the conflict between progressivism and conservatism. If John W. Davis himself were miraculously converted into an ardent progressive, he could not forge out of a Democratic party, which at its last convention revealed so clearly its indifference to economic issues or its fear of them, an effective instrument of his own convictions.

Abstemious Liberalism

“**M**UTUAL understanding between leaders and led—the essence of representative democracy—cannot be gained from a distance. It is most surely gained by sharing the common lot. The mind of a man is made by his experience as well as by his thoughts; and it is useless to deny that his worth as a leader is affected by his personal history. When Mr. Davis scorned the suggestion that he should change his occupation to make himself a fitter possibility for presidential nomination, he was right; when he asserted that occupation and activities have no psychological influence upon perceptions of public policy, he was wrong. Associations alter interpretations; this truth, fortunately, the people cannot be induced to forget.” In these words, written before Mr. Davis’s nomination, by Professor William E. Hocking, in the July Yale Review, the Harvard philosopher has pithily stated the relevance of Mr. Davis’s business connection as an issue in this campaign, because of the light it sheds upon the likely influences that will govern him as President. “Interpretations,” in the comprehensive sense in which Professor Hocking uses the term, are at the basis of governmental activity. They determine, decisively, what problems are deemed significant by different men, why they are significant, and the method of approaching them. “Interpretations” mean, in the case of a President, his criteria for judgment, his table of values, social, political and legal. Past activities and associations have a two-fold significance: they are bound to leave behind a psychological residuum which will be a serious factor in future decisions, but they also serve as an index of opinion, of alignment on social and economic issues, in the case of a man like Mr. Davis, who had a clear freedom of choice between the career of an unattached advocate, as was Mr. Hughes after he retired from the bench, and that

of a legal attaché of Big Business, which Mr. Davis chose.

How decisively Mr. Davis’s business associations affect his political conduct is illustrated by his record on such fundamental issues as freedom of speech and the enforcement of constitutional guaranties when not invoked on behalf of property. Mr. Davis returned from England in 1921, with great prestige, at a time when the “Red” hysteria and proscription of “radicalism” were in full swing. But never a peep from Mr. Davis against this hysteria and the abuses which it generated! Mr. Hughes, while at the Bar, took the lead against this violent temper and its resulting lawlessness. But not Mr. Davis, neither in 1921, nor in ’22, nor in ’23. In emphasizing Mr. Davis’s silence we are not making extravagant demands of him. For Mr. Davis was not merely a leader of the Bar; he was not merely a distinguished ex-Solicitor General of the United States, and as such peculiarly conversant with the duties of the Department of Justice. He had become the official spokesman of the American Bar. He was President of the American Bar Association when that powerful organization was one of the chief promoters of hysteria and violence by its campaign against “radicals.” This activity of the Association was vigorously pushed while Mr. Davis was its President. Moreover, he was President of the American Bar Association when, under the guise of “one hundred percent Americanism,” as exemplified and vindicated by Daugherty and Burns, flagrant violations of the Constitution against human rights were perpetrated. Never a peep from Mr. Davis! Quite the contrary. In his address before the Bar Association, he bewailed inroads on the constitutional sanctity of property rights. After the war fever had abated, the injustice of many of the war persecutions was widely felt, and non-partisan efforts were made to secure pardon for the victims of war passion and injustice. One leader of the Bar, Senator Pepper, made these victims a charge upon his professional conscience and took the lead in securing pardon for men unjustly in jail. Mr. Davis’s influence was invoked, his support was sought for the release of these prisoners, but again—not a peep from Mr. Davis! With a double duty to speak out, as a leader of the Bar and as head of the American Bar, he remained silent, and thus threw the weight of his authority against the rectification of wrong and the vindication of justice.

Again, take Mr. Davis’s record on the profoundly disturbing issues between capital and labor. “Government by injunction” sums up the deepest grievance of labor and the most potent cause for the growing lack of confidence in the even-handed justice of our legal institutions. Mr. Davis is properly credited with the effort, while a member of Congress, to help correct the abuses, by the Federal Courts, of injunctions in labor controversies. In his speech in the House, in 1912, he said that “government by injunction” “is the expression of a

long-standing complaint, which, with many, has ripened into a deep-seated conviction, that the writ of injunction has been carelessly, if not wrongfully used; that it has been turned to purposes beyond its proper scope; and that an evil has sprung up which calls for legislative action." The remedy which he helped to fashion was the Clayton Act of 1914. Despite this legislation the practice of the Federal Courts in issuing injunctions against labor unions continued, and ten years after Mr. Davis's speech it went beyond what anyone conceived possible in 1912. The culmination of this orgy of judicial abuse was, of course, Judge Wilkerson's injunction in the Shopmen's Strike of 1922. The course of history from what was deemed to have been a startling innovation in the Debs Case, in 1895, to the utter recklessness of the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction was thus reviewed, the other day, by Senator Pepper in his address at the Philadelphia meeting of the American Bar Association:

I was led recently to make such a review of our industrial history by my desire to account for the growing bitterness of organized labor toward the federal courts. In the Senate, one quickly becomes aware of the existence throughout the country of a sentiment on this subject which, if unchecked, may easily develop into a revolutionary sentiment. I accordingly addressed a letter to every United States District Attorney, asking him to secure from the clerk's office in his district a copy of all such injunction orders made by the United States in his district during the last few years. Courteous attention to my request has supplied me with a most interesting mass of material. The study of these orders discloses an evolution mildly comparable with the growth of the corporate mortgage. The injunction orders have become more and more comprehensive and far-reaching in their provisions until they culminate in the Shopmen's Injunction order already referred to. Every thoughtful lawyer who has not already done so, should read that order and meditate upon its significance. In doing so, he should have in mind that during the Shopmen's Strike in 1922, nearly everyone of the two hundred and sixty-one "Class I" railroads and a number of short-line railroads applied for injunctions in the various federal courts. No applications were denied. In all nearly three hundred were issued.

Naturally enough, during the past two decades, there have been bitter protests from the ranks of labor. To the strikers it seems like tyranny to find such vast power exercised—not by a jury of one's neighbors,—but by a single official who is not elected, but appointed, and that for life, and whose commission comes from a distant and little understood source.

And so Senator Pepper, with candor and courage, proposed, for the consideration of the Bar, a discontinuance of the use of labor injunctions by the Federal Courts. Senator Pepper thus goes to the root of the matter.

How has Mr. Davis dealt with it? When he came to address the American Bar Association, as its President, in 1923, discussing "Present Day

Problems," as called for by the traditions of that office, Mr. Davis must have known, as well as did Senator Pepper, that the abuses of the labor injunction, as revealed by Daugherty's proceedings before Judge Wilkerson, had more deeply stirred this country than any other event in recent legal history. He must have known that in the opinion of leading lawyers, like Senator Borah, and conservative organs of opinion like the New York Evening Post, the Wilkerson injunction was not merely a denial to the strikers of those means of association and activities which *are* a trade union, but, in the language of the New York Evening Post at the time, "stops all the normal and innocent activity of a union and forbids the elementary rights of free speech." And all this was accomplished despite the enactment of the Clayton Act which Mr. Davis himself had sponsored. In other words, the remedy which he had proposed for the "evil" which he had recognized in 1912, had, as a result of a series of Supreme Court decisions, been wholly frustrated, and the abuses to which he had then called attention had been enormously aggravated in the intervening decade. Yet, despite his own past relation to the subject, despite his presidency of the Bar Association, Mr. Davis in his presidential address was wholly silent on this subject—truly eloquently silent. He emphasized his silence on the law's treatment of labor by devoting a passage to indicate his disapproval of some judicial restrictions on "property rights." These are his words:

Increased solicitude for the health and physical comfort of the individual has led men to speak and to think quite mistakenly of so-called "human rights" as of something which can be divorced, either in practice or in legislation, from so-called "rights of property." The doctrine that the greatest duty of governments is the encouragement of individual effort is apparently giving ground before the theory that governmental energy must supplement if not supplant the exertions of the individual. Constitutional limitations have yielded to the police power under the pressure of real or supposed emergencies. . . .

We trust that Mr. Davis, in his campaign speeches, will particularize the instances in which the Supreme Court has disregarded "constitutional limitations" out of deference to "the pressure of real or supposed emergencies." Does Mr. Davis mean the Rent Cases? If not, what does he mean? We trust, also, that he will elaborate his notion of identity between "human rights" and "rights of property." We trust that he will be specific, and deal concretely with such decisions of the Supreme Court as the Hitchman Coal Case, the Duplex Case, *Truax vs. Corrigan*, and others, in all of which there was a conflict between "rights of property" on the one hand, and "human rights" of workers on the other, and in which the Supreme Court ruled that restrictions of the "human rights" of the work-

ers was one of the "rights of property." These are issues that touch the very vitals of Mr. Davis's claim to the Presidency. His attitude on these matters will largely determine the attitude of mind which he would seek in his most important appointments, namely those to the Supreme Court. More far-reaching than that, his point of view reveals his own attitude on the comprehensive issue of redistribution of social and economic power.

Mr. Davis's silence, then, upon the Wilkerson Injunction is profoundly significant, merely because he was silent when, as President of the Bar Association, he had a duty to speak. But his silence gains potent illumination from the change that had taken place in Mr. Davis's relations to the problem of "government by injunction" between 1912 and 1922. In 1912 he was a Congressman, free to give his great abilities to a disinterested consideration of the public issues raised by judicial abuses. In 1922, not only had Mr. Davis become the legal adviser of powerful business which has vigorously pushed the weapon of the injunction in its conflict against labor, but Mr. Davis had himself become a partisan in the grave issues affecting injunctions. He had, in 1921, become one of the directors of the Santa Fe and in 1922 his own road had applied to the Federal Court for an injunction against the strikers. Davis, the Director, was not a lawyer; he had become a client. In effect, Mr. Davis had become a man of Big Business resorting to the weapon of Big Business. More than that, when a settlement of the strike was sought, not by bludgeoning the workers into submission, but by trying to seek a way of coöperative peace for the future, Mr. Davis's road was one of the die-hard roads and resisted to the bitter end the constructive movement led by President Smith of the New York Central and President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio.

If, after such a record on such basic issues of liberalism, Mr. Davis can be claimed as a "liberal," "liberalism" has lost all meaning.

Progressive Credit Control

THERE is a legend, widely believed by western and southern farmers, that before the depression of 1920-21 a secret meeting of the Federal Reserve Board decided on a policy of deflation which caused the losses in agricultural districts. The prices of crops had reached unprecedented levels. Farmers had bought and rented much land as a result, going heavily into debt to do so, and the price of land had risen. Official encouragement of heavy production during the war had taught them this was a patriotic as well as a profitable policy. Then came the restriction of credit and the rise of interest rates, which accompanied the precipitous drop in commodity prices. On the one hand, farmers could not sell their crops at a profit. On the other hand, they could not borrow money to tide them over, or could

do so only at usurer's rates. They either saw their mortgages foreclosed or suffered heavy losses.

Industry also suffered, but to a less degree, because the city banks charged lower interest rates, and the big producers had large reserves of liquid securities and could stem the price recession by prompt restriction of production. Many large manufacturing interests came out with a net gain on account of consolidations and the elimination of competition. The big industrial banks continued to make rich profits because of the high money rates, though many of the country banks eventually followed the farmers into insolvency. The result, then, fitted in with the story of the conspiracy. The moneyed interests increased their advantage, the holders of pre-war investments profited because of the drop in the general price level which enhanced the real value of their capital, but farmers and wage-earners lost. It is this experience which lies behind the plank in the La Follette platform for government control of credit. The farmers believe that the Federal Reserve Board is responsible for their plight. They believe that if the Board had been controlled by true representatives of the general public rather than by bankers close to the capitalists, the deflation would not have been ordered and they would have escaped.

Bankers dispute this legend. The defense contends that no such order could be issued by the Federal Reserve Board, and that no such policy was decided upon. The deflation was a natural collapse following the previous period of inflation, and resulted from other causes than credit policy, which was itself an outcome of the fundamental economic situation. Prices started to fall and production to decrease before interest rates were raised. Loans were then necessarily restricted on account of the increased danger of loss. The central Federal Reserve Banks have power only over the rediscount rates on loans to member banks, which remained far below the rates charged to individual borrowers by banks in country districts.

There is, no doubt, much truth in the defense. But competent economists have pointed out that if the farmers' charge is untrue in its crude form, it nevertheless shows the need of a credit policy which does not drift with the tide, but is consciously directed towards as high a degree as possible of price stabilization. Interest rates remained low, and credit policy liberal during the inflation of 1919-1920, and probably contributed much to the unhealthy expansion of indebtedness, the rise in prices, and the overproduction of goods. After the deflation began, prominent bankers unquestionably looked upon it as healthy and necessary, and made little effort to check it by as liberal a credit policy as might have been adopted. The time to raise rates and restrict loans is when danger of inflation appears, not after deflation has set in. The time to lower rates and extend liberal credit is when prices begin to fall. If the bankers had acted to minimize

both inflation and deflation, the farmers and wage-earners might have been saved much misery. Social control of credit is a truly sound and progressive measure, if its aim is neither rising nor falling prices, but a steady price level.

The benefit of steady prices to industrial wage-earners and farmers has not received as much emphasis as has the injury of falling prices. When producers believe prices will rise, trade is temporarily stimulated and employment increases. This is due to the fact that the process of production takes time, and raw materials bought at one level of prices are made into products to be sold at a higher level. A speculative gain is thus added to the normal profit of production. Farmers likewise make a temporary gain, which is chiefly registered in the increased value of their land. The trouble is that the gains involved are not equally distributed among the population, and the whole process sooner or later leads to collapse. Prices usually rise more rapidly than wages, and though the manufacturer makes larger profits, the wage-earner suffers a loss in purchasing power which more than takes away his gain in full employment. The unaccustomed profits lead to speculative buying in the markets, and to production larger than will be absorbed by the ultimate purchasers. Then follows a decrease in buying and a fall in prices which puts a damper on production and trade corresponding to the former stimulation. The wage-earner is laid off; the farmer is caught with his surplus crops and his obligations caused by the purchase of land at high values. An expectation of steady prices on the part of those in control of production, if it could be brought about, would avoid both the illusory gains of profits sure to vanish, and the real losses due to slackening of production. Stability would in the long run benefit not only the investor but the majority of the people.

There is serious question whether a calculated fiscal policy alone would suffice to eliminate booms and depressions. But there is little doubt that such a policy could be applied to check their severity. It is generally acknowledged that an abundance of cheap credit tends to raise prices and stimulate production, and that scarce, dear credit tends to lower prices and curtail production—whatever other forces may do to neutralize these tendencies. And as Mr. J. M. Keynes has recently pointed out, the bankers can influence both the price and the supply of credit. They can influence the price directly through variations in the rediscount rate of the central banks. This method is subject to limitations, however, such as that which arises when the member banks have such ample credit reserves of their own that they are not forced to borrow from the central banks. But the central banks can influence the supply of credit by altering the amount of their funds devoted to the purchase of securities. When the central banks buy securities, the funds which they thus pay out find their way into member banks,

which may then adopt a more liberal credit policy either by retaining the funds or using them to reduce their indebtedness to the reserve banks. But if the central banks sell securities in the open market, the process is reversed and the volume of credit is likely to be restricted.

From the experience of 1919-22, the Federal Reserve Banks themselves have learned something, and during the past year have used both the rediscount rate and the purchase and sale of securities in such a way as to moderate inflation and deflation. They have not stabilized production, but they have avoided the disturbing influence of wide fluctuations in the price level. Doubtless, as Mr. Keynes suggests, this result has been achieved as much through the psychological effect of a generally discussed policy as through the mechanical means employed. This policy, however, has no direct sanction in the law and may at any time be abandoned. It also is hampered by the persistence of the theoretical gold standard. The traditional theory is that dependence of the volume of credit and currency on the gold reserve automatically stabilizes the value of money. The flexibility introduced by the Federal Reserve system was advocated not as a means of control of the price level, but as a safeguard against financial panic in times of extreme stringency. To conservative bankers, any concerted attempt to control the volume of credit for the purpose of steadying prices still seems like a Bolshevik experiment. Yet it is obvious that the gold standard does not now, if it ever did, furnish a sufficiently stable basis. The tremendous flow of gold from other nations to the United States has robbed the standard of practical effectiveness. England is not really on a gold standard, because of her scarcity of the precious metal. Other European nations are even further from it. And the surplus of gold in American banks could at any moment become the basis of an unprecedented expansion of credit and currency. If the progressives can make conscious and mandatory the policy of social credit control for the stabilization of prices, they can eliminate one great danger which hangs over the economic security of the American people.

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The Promethean Challenge to Religion

THE legend of Prometheus is the golden legend of Greece, and in it is expressed in the form of a local myth the quintessence of human idealism.

Prometheus has stolen from heaven the secret of fire, symbol of creative intelligence, and given it to men to be for them a basis of the useful arts and a means of perpetual progress. Zeus the omnipotent punishes this defiance of his will by dooming the rebel to imprisonment and torture. Pinned to a great rock, an eagle continuously eating at his vitals, Prometheus, a god in rebellion against God, endures through the ages with conscience clear and will unbroken.

Unlike the patient Job, he does not yield his ideal of right to the force of might; and unlike proud Lucifer, he seeks power not for himself, but for men—through the emancipation of their reason and the utilization of their intelligence. So it is that the name Prometheus has come to stand as a symbol of the highest faith that the heart can hold—the faith that unshackled intellect is the friend, not the enemy of conscience, and that no might, not even the might of heaven itself, can increase or decrease or in any way alter the validity of what is morally right.

The challenge which the mythical Prometheus hurled at a mythical Zeus has a profound significance for the actual institutions of an actual world; for it is the eternally inspiring challenge to revise and if necessary to destroy without pity any institution that is opposed to the demands of an evolving humanity.

Now it is upon the institution of religion that the Promethean challenge bears most directly; for religion combines with its supernatural hope an anti-rational authoritarianism and combines with its super-rational vision of a life of service an anti-natural asceticism. To meet the Promethean challenge religion would have to do two things: it would have to purge its supernaturalism of the authoritarian opposition to free inquiry; and it would have to remove from its gospel of altruism the ascetic opposition to the needs and satisfactions of earthly life.

Religion is man's belief in a power greater than he and vitally related to him. This greater power may be conceived as one or many, personal or impersonal, within the world or apart from it. As man develops a clear consciousness of values and virtues, he ascribes them to the objects of his worship. The gods are made the repositories of human ideals and come thereby to be conceived not only as physically stronger, but also spiritually higher

than their human creators. Religion thus develops into a combination of two sets of beliefs: physical beliefs as to the origin and control of nature, and ethical beliefs as to the destiny and duty of human life. The climax of this development is the unification of the two kinds of belief in the faith that supernatural power and super-human goodness are jointly embodied and co-present in a single divine being. Now in order to appreciate the ethical significance of religion we must understand something of the way in which man first develops those moral values with which he later endows his gods.

Like all animals, man possesses needs, impulses and desires, the satisfaction of which constitutes his good. And like all the higher animals, man modifies his direct momentary and individual impulses by three kinds of indirect control: memory, sympathy and suggestibility.

Consider, for example, the dog. She first controls her present impulse to take the meat from her master's plate by the memory of past whippings. Secondly, that same dog can control her natural impulse to flee from abuse by a sympathetic sense of the needs of her offspring. And thirdly, our dog may break training altogether and against her own interest yield to the suggestion of barking or running with the pack of which she is a member.

The human conscience contains the same three types of mediate control which are found in the higher animals, but in man these factors of memory, sympathy and suggestibility are not only immensely more extensive, but they are consciously recognized as an agency distinct from and often opposed to the immediate impulses which they control. Animal training which is based on the memory of punishments and rewards becomes a two-fold human "prospectiveness" which includes courage—the capacity to face pain—and temperance—the capacity to forego pleasure; animal sympathy becomes human justice and love; and animal suggestibility becomes human loyalty to group-customs and to a leader's commands. Unconscious modification of behavior gives place to conscious self-direction of conduct, and a spiritual or moral sense of values is added to the physical senses of sight and hearing.

The evolution of conscience is paralleled in almost every respect by the evolution of reason. Sensations, like impulses, are common to all animals, and in all higher animals sensations, like impulses, are modified and reinterpreted in the light of a past that is remembered, an objective world that is inferred, and a testimony that is accepted. And

as in the field of conduct so also in the field of cognition, the three-fold system of secondary controls develops into a clear consciousness of truth and reality as distinguished from sensation and appearance; in short, animal intelligence evolves into human reason. And as conscience reevaluates each primary satisfaction of impulse in the light of its relation to what is morally approved as good, so reason reinterprets each primary experience of sense in the light of its relation to what is logically verified as true. Reason is conscience in the field of thinking and conscience is reason in the field of action.

Now there is one aspect of the evolution of human conscience that is most unfortunate. The factor of suggestibility which makes man tend to accept and believe what is told to him merely because it is told to him is the least valuable and at the same time the most influential of the three elements of which conscience is compounded. Long before self-control and justice attained the level of consciously recognized virtues, conformity to the folk-ways of the human pack and obedience to customs, laws and commands grew to be the larger portion of acknowledged duty. Language testifies to this truth in that the words, moral and ethical, both meant originally the customary. The predominantly authoritarian character of primitive morality is not without its useful side. The customs of a group are often the best means for the preservation and development of its members. But along with what is useful there is much that is purely arbitrary and wasteful. And even those rules which at a given period and in a given situation were of benefit become in other situations positively harmful. Taboo is the name given to a rule that is considered morally binding regardless of its consequences. And the observance of taboos is at once the largest and the poorest part of human morals.

We have said that man ascribes his moral values to the gods that he worships and thus transforms his religion from something very like magic into an innocent and happy trust in the goodness of the powers operating in nature. If this were all, religion would have nothing to its discredit. But unfortunately, in endowing the gods with moral excellence, man also reinterprets the natural ideals of his group as supernatural commands. The authoritarian character of primitive morality is thus intensified and perpetuated in religion. And the dangers and wastes of accepting customs as in themselves good are enormously increased by the belief that those customs are the unchangeable will of heaven. So long as a moral code is based only on the will of society it can be changed as the society changes and improves. But when once a code of practice is viewed as divinely commanded it becomes unamendable and sacrosanct. To question it or re-

form it is a sacrilege that must be suppressed at any cost. And what religion does with primitive ideals of virtue it does also with primitive ideas of truth. For in primitive physics no less than in primitive ethics, almost all beliefs are accepted on authority and our ancestors' guesses as to the origin of the world and the laws of nature get reinterpreted as revelations of divine wisdom which must never be questioned or revised.

The result of this process of sanctification is to subject later generations to the dead hand of the past. Progress in science and in morals is made all but impossible. For no matter how many new facts are discovered and no matter how many new rules of conduct are required by changed situations, the earlier and less adequate beliefs cannot be revised without treason to the gods of our fathers. The consequences of this situation, as so far exhibited in human history, are fairly uniform. Conscience and reason are not wholly authoritarian, and as a society develops its culture the new and growing mass of unorthodox knowledge increasingly presses against the old body of orthodox beliefs until a crisis is reached. Reason breaks through the shell of faith and a religious revolution is on.

When the old order goes, much that was good goes with it, and when the new order comes it often brings new evils. In the past these revolutions have been led by individual prophets who have believed themselves to be divinely inspired. The new régime is therefore as religious and as authoritarian in spirit as the old, even though it incorporates in its dogmas a less inadequate body of scientific and ethical theories. Despite the general uniformity of these successive revolutions, there is in them a certain clearly defined principle of progress, which is, I believe, destined soon to produce a result which, if not disastrous, will be at any rate momentous.

Each time that one authority is overthrown by another, the authoritarian principle itself is shaken and weakened. Moreover, with each successive revolution it is increasingly difficult to incorporate the new secular knowledge into the new system of dogma. And finally, the spirit of secularization itself grows steadily stronger and its devotees grow more and more indifferent and even hostile not only to the authoritarianism of religion, but also to its supernatural hope and spiritual devotion. While the monarchs fight with one another, the faith in monarchy as a principle grows steadily weaker. I believe that a period is now rapidly approaching in which for the first time in history religion will be confronted, not with a palace revolution, replacing one prophet by another, but with a popular and secular revolution directed against all gods and all prophets. The forces of this threatened revolution are not composed of small bands of intellectuals nor of temporary political leaders like those of France in 1790 or Russia in 1920. The new rev-

olutionary army consists of the growing multitude of moderately educated men and women who find increasing difficulty in reconciling not only the facts but the spirit of evolutionary science and modern social ethics with supernatural religion as we have known it.

We often hear the question as to whether a new religion is likely to appear. It seems to me improbable that any new religion in the sense in which the old religions were new, will ever again come to our planet. For while the new facts of science and the new needs of ethics could doubtless be incorporated in the form of a new religious revelation, the spirit of secular independence and freedom of thought which has become an essential part of modern culture could not by its very nature be reduced to any authoritarian scheme of dogma no matter how adequate or how generous its provisions.

If no new revelation is to be looked for and if the rising tide of secularism is threatening to sweep away the good as well as the evil of the traditional religions, it seems to me that it may be worth while to examine our inherited faith in the light of the Promethean challenge. For that challenge was directed against Zeus as the embodiment of unreasoning authority; and the modern hostility to the church while seemingly directed to the mysticism and supernaturalism of its theories is in reality directed to the authoritarianism of its spirit. Christianity, like every other religion, consists of two main parts, physical or metaphysical beliefs about nature—and ethical or spiritual beliefs about human duty. It is the ethics rather than the physics that I wish to discuss; and therefore it will be sufficient to remind ourselves that the Christian conception of the world of physical nature when considered as a philosophy is a form of theistic idealism, differentiated from other forms by its adherence to the Hebraic account of the creation of the world, the fall of Adam and the punishment, instruction and protection given by God to Adam's descendants and especially to the children of Israel. To this supernatural cosmogony and supernatural history contained in the Jewish scriptures Christianity adds the new doctrine of the incarnation in which Christ figures as savior, and exemplar and teacher of men on earth and finally as judge and arbiter of their eternal destiny.

Interwoven with this metaphysics is a system of ethics in which we can perceive three fairly distinct doctrines concerning man's duty. The first and greatest of these is the ideal of charity or service, which is conceived as the supreme principle of righteous living. This cardinal virtue of altruism is to be carried to the point of forgiveness of sin and love of enemies.

The second of the main trends in Christian ethics is asceticism. The premise of the ascetics' attitude is the conviction that the natural goods of the

body are incompatible with the ultimate goods of the spirit, and the conclusion from this premise is the belief that virtue consists primarily in a repudiation of the world and the flesh.

The third member of the Christian trinity of virtues is obedience to divine authority. Not only in our moral practice, but in our theoretical beliefs we are bidden to accept with humble unquestioning faith the words of the Bible.

The organization formed for the furtherance of these ethical and metaphysical doctrines is the Christian church; and all Christians agree that the church's dual office is to teach the faith and to administer its saving benefits to whomsoever will accept them. The history of occidental morals during the Christian era is centred in the history of the Christian church: its conquest of paganism, its various attainments of temporal and political power, its internal schisms and heresies, and its external conflicts with such tendencies in science and in ethics as have been in appearance or reality opposed to its teaching.

Throughout this great and many-sided story one may see in operation the three basic trends of Christian ethics: altruism, asceticism and authoritarianism — sometimes fused indistinguishably with one another and with the body of metaphysical dogma, and at other times clear and distinct from one another and from their metaphysical associates. Let us consider them from the standpoint of their relative importance and their bearing not upon past history but upon that present and impending secular revolution of which we have spoken.

Asceticism is of course not peculiar to Christianity; it is the natural and illegitimate daughter of every form of human morality. Morality is the resistance to the lesser needs of the moment as a means of satisfying the greater and more enduring needs of others and of oneself at other times. This control of, and resistance to, natural impulses, only justifiable as a means, comes to be regarded as an end in itself; and conscience arising as an aid to more happiness degenerates into an obstacle to any happiness. The ascetic habit of mind is prolific in devising theories to justify its own perversity. The spontaneous impulses of our nature because they are to be resisted must be hated, and because they are hated they must be bad. The flesh and the devil are identical. And as not even the ascetic can subsist entirely on negations it becomes necessary to excuse the hatred of natural values by the claim that it is the only means to the attainment of supernatural values. The supposedly real good of another world is the inverse of the supposedly illusory good of this world. The spirit thrives when the flesh is mortified. This inversion of moral values with which asceticism justifies itself has appealed to many brave souls. The work of conquering one's self, of eating out one's very heart, calls for all and

more than all that the strongest spirit has to give. It is the courage and endurance of the ascetics that have masked from us the ugliness and moral madness of their practice. We need not trace the various forms which Christian asceticism has taken, or compare Catholic monasticism in which asceticism is intense and concentrated in select groups with Protestant puritanism in which asceticism is less intense but diffused over the entire body.

The modern secular conscience revolts against every variety of asceticism, partly because of its cruelty and ugliness, but more because of its individual futility, and most of all because of the terrible social waste of spiritual energy which it involves. It has long been known that too much preoccupation with one's natural impulses tends to increase them. The fighter needs his foe and the ascetic needs the flesh which he is pledged to oppose. The continuous searching of oneself for sin creates the very thing one would destroy. To this ancient knowledge must be added the teaching of the newer psychology according to which nature's impulses suppressed from conscious life wreak their revenge in the unconscious, and like hidden ulcers distribute their poison not only to the moral but even to the mental and physical organism. So much for the dangers of asceticism to the ascetics themselves.

As for the waste to society of these ascetic practices, we need only to picture to ourselves what glorious consequences to earthly life would have resulted if the spiritual energies that men have devoted to fasting, celibacy and voluntary poverty, had been directed to alleviating hunger, making sex love more beautiful and distributing wealth more equitably. What perfectly enormous losses and wastes have been involved in the long fight to decrease and destroy the very natural goods which should be created more abundantly and distributed more broadly and justly!

If we turn from Christian asceticism to Christian authoritarianism we find a somewhat similar situation. Authoritarianism, like asceticism, is not peculiar to Christianity; every religion tends to make its God the authority for its good, to interpret ideals of natural excellence as commands of supernatural power. This subordination of right to might and of ethics to religion has born many hideous fruits. Let me attempt to enumerate what seem to me to be the most important. I group them under three heads: 1, The menace to ethical ideas, 2, the menace to religious faith, 3, the menace to social progress.

1. The authoritarian element in our present Christianity is a menace to our ethical ideals first of all because it exalts monarchical power above democratic leadership. The conception of God as a great king whose mere will is our law is a vestige of a pre-democratic age, and it gives to religion a note that is subtly but unmistakably discordant with the highest social aspirations of the present day. Then too, when God is made the source and sanction of

moral laws He becomes like other monarchs immune to the duties prescribed for his subjects. His ways are not our ways. He can visit the sins of the fathers upon the children. He can create and permit to function a nature whose earthquakes and storms make no distinction between the just and the unjust. As creator and Lord of all it is He who creates Satan and permits him to work evil. Finally—and this is the most extraordinary anomaly of all—He is not only above that justice which He makes binding upon his creatures, but He is endowed with that will to vengeance which is depicted as the cardinal sin for man. The Christ ideal of universal love and forgiveness is directly and shamelessly contradicted by the conception of a God who condemns to a hell of eternal torture the vast majority of his children. Here clearly is a double standard of morals; the higher standard for man and the lower one for God. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, charity and forgiveness are for you to practise. The consequences of a double standard are ethically disastrous. The ideals of the higher standard tend to sink to the level of the lower. If God allows nature to create injustice, then for us to go counter to nature and to interfere with her laws savors of sacrilege. And if the Almighty is to torture free-thinkers and sinners in hell, why should we not with our inquisitions and prisons do likewise on earth? And if God visits upon the children the sins of the fathers, why should not we visit upon the so-called illegitimate children the sins that are attributed to their fathers?

In a thousand other ugly ways like these does the principle of authority in religion degrade the ideals of morality. But even this is not all. For in teaching children the morality of commands rather than the morality of ideals we inoculate them with the poisonous idea that the moral sense derives its ultimate sanction from the power of an almighty God. And too often it happens that these children when older, come to doubt some part of the supernaturalistic metaphysics in which they have been trained. The result is not that tragic and often noble sadness which is the necessary and sufficient concomitant of atheism, but rather a complete disintegration of the moral tissues. If goodness depends on God and if there is no God then there can be no goodness. If the moral void is to be filled at all by those who have lost faith in religion it must be filled with a worship of nature. Ethics they have been taught depends on authority and there is no authority left but nature. Now nature is a harlot. All things to all men. Orderly and capricious, beautiful and ugly, but above all—brute force, sheer power. Even the worst of the gods embodies something of the goodness of his human creators. Not so nature, red with tooth and claw, rewarding always the strong and the cunning. Through the whole radical movement today there runs the new nature-worship with its cynical so-called realism that sneers at every ideal as mere ideology or camouflage for the selfish

interest of some group or class. And this authoritarian naturalism of the radicals of today is the direct heritage of the authoritarian supernaturalism of the conservatives of yesterday. The generations that make right depend on heavenly might will sooner or later be followed by a generation who will gratify their morbid inherited craving for an external power on which to base their ideals by looking for that power in the mud beneath their feet. Let us turn now from this survey of the menace of authoritarianism to ethics and consider the menace of that principle to religion itself.

2. The chief dangers here have already been touched upon. When the religious consciousness interprets rules of conduct as divine commands it fastens upon later generations a code of life that can never be amended. No matter how sound the system of moral and scientific beliefs may have been, no matter even if they actually possessed the divinely revealed truth which they claim, when once they are made sacrosanct and immune from criticism or change, they defeat their own purpose. Life is growth; new discoveries require new theories, new situations call for new practices. We advance by inquiry and experiment. In so far as religion refuses to submit its authoritarian dogmas to free and fearless examination it arrays itself against the entire drive of the ascending human spirit. It declares war on all that is most honest, brave and free. It deprives its own best teachings of the possibility of vindication in the open court of reason. What unconscious and damning irony there is in the authoritarian habit of coupling free-thinker and atheist together! Free thought is thought that is free, free from bias, free from subsidies and from all secret greeds and terrors. How humiliating to an honest theist to find the church confessing that to think freely would lead to atheism, that Christian truth is so poor and weak a thing that it must be shielded from the light of reason and guarded from its critics by the base weapons of censorship and inquisition!

3. The last of the three kinds of menace embodied in authoritarianism is its menace to social efficiency on account of the enormous waste of human energy which it involves. In this matter of moral waste the authoritarian and the ascetic are similar, and many of the worst features of religious morality are expressions of their united influence. Both separately and in conjunction these mistaken zealots encumber the moral world with mere rules and laws, most of them suppressive and prohibitory, all of them to be observed as ends in themselves regardless of their consequences, and none of them to be changed or questioned. Under such a reign of law there is little place for ideals of happiness and beauty. Intelligent pursuit of the good is tied down in the tangle of ethical red-tape, and man's fund of spiritual energy, so pitifully small at best, is wasted in perpetual legalistic disputes. Not only is authoritarian religion at war with secular science

and ethics; it is at war with itself. Each faction regards itself as orthodox and the others as heterodox. Now under a morality of taboos, such as that of authoritarianism, to be orthodox or correct in belief is not a piece of good fortune that makes a man humbly grateful and extra eager to extend his light to those less favored; it is in itself a virtue of which he is proud. And heterodoxy or honest error is not viewed as a misfortune calling for charity, but rather as a sin to be punished. It is to this aspect of authoritarian religion that we are indebted for the terrible religious wars and the far more terrible persecutions practised by the different sects upon one another and by each and all of them upon those men brave and free who refused to submit to intellectual and moral enslavement.

There is as I see it only one cure for the sickness and weakness of our religion today. To heed the Promethean challenge hurled so bravely and so long ago at the god-king Zeus. That challenge to God was at the same time a clear call to man to use his intelligence to increase happiness, beauty and goodness on earth. To understand how the Promethean ideal might be realized we need only turn to that third element of the Christian moral system, the virtue of charity. Like asceticism and authoritarianism this phase of morality is not confined to Christianity. We find it present to some extent in the most primitive moral cults, while in Hebraism and Zoroastrianism, Stoicism and Confucianism, and most of all in Buddhism the duty of justice and sympathy is variously and explicitly recognized.

Yet in Christianity there is a new emphasis upon the altruistic principle which is revolutionary and unique in history. Charity or love is not secondary but primary, not limited to one's own group or nation, but universal, not negative but positive. Even in Buddhism service to others is tainted by the pessimistic conception that the ultimate purpose of giving is not the enhancement of life in others but the negation of life and of the will to life in oneself.

The teaching of Christ is that love to the uttermost limit is the supreme concern of human living. And this teaching was given a terrible concreteness and actuality by its embodiment in the life and death of the teacher. It was given also a mystical and cosmical significance by the religious doctrine of the incarnation. The old god of power died and the new god of love was born. Jehovah had been redeemed by Christ and for the first time in the long history of heaven the evil which Prometheus had challenged was laid. The Son of Man was to be a comrade, a brother and a leader by moral right, rather than a monarch ruling by irresponsible might. So far the new supernaturalism was innocent of intellectual offense and infinitely beautiful. God was love. The one perfect thing in life was the thing most real in the universe. To gain the friendship of the new God and to share his everlasting life nothing was necessary but an open heart and the will to pity and to help. The sacred learn-

ing in the Hebrew law, the pride of skill in Greek philosophy, the patrician descent from the valorous leaders of Rome, were useless or worse. The new way of eternal life was so straight and clear that the dullest peasant, the humblest slave, the weakest child, and even the most abandoned criminal could find and take it if he would. The saving grace precious beyond all price was free to be had for the asking.

The wonder is not that the leader of this revolt was finally crucified, but that the various social spiritual and intellectual tyrants whose rule he overthrew allowed him to live at all. Certainly since his death they have done what they could to make up for that initial error.

The moral ideal of Christian love is like a pillar of flaming light extending from earth to heaven, but the supernatural religion of freedom, solace and joy that should have evolved from it was choked and poisoned. The successors of Christ, from St. Paul down to the censors, obscurantists and tyrants of today have done their conscientious worst to hide the light from men. The long line of authoritarians and ascetics has changed the clear into the obscure, the beautiful into the ugly, and with what was most gentle and generous they have associated what was most cruel and mean. They have debauched a religion of liberty, service, tolerance and progress to their own base ends of persecution, reaction and gloom.

Through all the world today there is an ominous muttering. Not only the small though growing army of scientists who view the efforts of religious fanatics to check the teachings of science with a contempt so deep and cold that they can hardly be brought to express it, and not only the men of letters and liberal authors who show a more voluble contempt for the spirit of censorious puritanism which is growing beyond the stage of an ugly American joke; but far more meaningful than these, is the sullen rage of the multitude of workers throughout the world who for the first time are really coming to hate the Christian scheme.

If religion is to be saved from destruction from without it must be revolutionized from within. And it is a Promethean revolution that is needed. No new prophet as substitute for Christ but a great purging and cleansing of Christianity and of all religion as it exists today.

What would a Prometheanized religion be like? Would there be left of Christianity for example anything more than a vague and worldly humanitarianism, a platitudinous philanthropy touched with inarticulate emotion? Many liberal and well-meaning people so believe, and though aware of the anomalies of orthodoxy and of the growing dangers to the whole structure of religion they fear that any breach in the ranks of authority would be more dangerous still. I think such fears are completely ungrounded and by way of conclusion I will attempt to outline some of the principal characteristics of a

religion transfigured by a Promethean revolution.

First of all, there would be the welcome and luminous absence of sacrosanct authority. Such dogmas as remained, and they would be many, would be transformed into hypotheses. The most fantastic theory of the supernatural, if held as a hypothesis, is honorable, and belief in it is honest and to be respected. There would be no lack of propaganda and missionary zeal. Those who had faith in a theory would be proud to have it vindicated by criticism. For the irreligious free-thinking would be optional, but for religionists it would be compulsory. A church member who refused to allow his belief to be tested in the light of reason would be expelled as one of little faith. The various schools and sects would not persecute one another, for why should one seeker for truth hate another? Why should he not rather coöperate with him the better to realize their common end? If a theory is not true, no one would wish it to survive; if it is true it will survive. How senseless and perverse not to test it.

Not only would theists cease to hate one another—they would cease to hate atheists. They would love and respect them. For if you are walking comfortably in the light of a supernatural faith that the universe is on your side, why should you not love and respect the man who walks in darkness, crippled by the fear that the things we care for most are at the mercy of blind force—deprived of your hope of God and another world, yet fighting bravely by your side for the same ideals for which you fight? A strange inversion of Christian charity to hate such a one.

And in this Promethean religion, heaven would be no less free than earth of that hateful spirit of monarchical authority. We should not love goodness because it is commanded by God, but should love God because He is good. We should base our religion on our ethics; not as now, our ethics on a supernatural physics. And there would be no longer that curious double standard, according to which the same God who commands us to forgive our enemies no matter how many times they offend, reserves for Himself the right to wreak infinite vengeance on His enemies after one trial life on earth. That nightmare monster of authoritarian religion, veritable anti-Christ, would have been consigned to his own hell, the single one of all imagined beings who would really deserve it.

As in our religion so in our ethics. The principle of authority would be gone, and with it the great clutter of prohibitions and taboos—rules taken as ends in themselves rather than as means to happiness. The one supreme and single purpose of morality would be the making of life more abundant, which means the developing to a maximum the potentialities of every creature. Love and work by all for the maximum well-being of all. All moral rules—the oldest and most revered like those established for marriage and property no less than

the newest and queerest proposals—would be appraised without prejudice and in the cold light of intelligence, to be accepted or rejected only according to their efficiency in promoting the ideal of freer and more abundant living.

The banishment of asceticism and authoritarianism would for the first time in history bring human ethics into active partnership with human science. Once clear away the morality of taboos and all the forces of intelligence could be mobilized in the service of progress and the vast energies of thought and will that have been wasted in religious wars could be utilized for moral and religious work.

Would there be in such a Promethean religion a place for piety and the reverent study of the teachers of the past? Just as the undeniable courage and enthusiasm of the ascetics is their one real claim on human gratitude, so the one point for which authoritarians are to be praised is their loyal guardianship of the treasures of the past. Yet even here they have as it were stood in their own light, for by defending with force the inspired words of the prophets, and protecting them from free inquiry, they have brought into disrepute the very doctrines that they love.

There would be piety in a Promethean world, but it would be an anarchistic piety. We should no longer mock and insult the great revolutionists of the past by making their revolutionary doctrines the basis of a new tyranny which is often as unsuited to our day as the doctrines which they overthrew were to theirs.

Promethean piety would be devotion to the spirit of freedom that animated the innovators of old, while for the literal content of their teaching there would be no more than a sympathetic and affectionate interest. Moreover, the most inspired truth will be dimmed and brought under suspicion if guarded by censors from free criticism. The deepest and truest piety with which we can honor the teachings of the past, be they the teachings of sages or prophets or even of God Himself is not to seal them up in cans, thought-tight and sacrosanct, but to expose them to the sun and air and let their truth win an honorable victory over our minds.

That is piety in the Promethean sense. Its practice would do away with the mutual fear and distrust which now sunders those who know and love the spiritual insights of the prophets from those who know and respect the intellectual discoveries of the scientists.

Whether such a revolution as I have attempted to depict can come about I am not sure. Perhaps it is too late. Perhaps the defilers have done their work so well that the new age of reason will have no place for religion, its good or its bad. But on the other hand perhaps there may still be time for a great experiment, a really new adventure in the life of the spirit. It would consist of a union of the old supernatural hope for God and immortality, with the modern secular demand for the emancipation of creative intelligence. Such an adventure would be the Promethean religion.

WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE.

Fascism on Trial

THE assassination of Matteotti, the deputy to the Italian Parliament, has caused a radical change in the political situation in Italy. The Socialist deputy, who was expected to deliver a speech of financial criticism hostile to the Fascist government, was seized in Rome in broad daylight, near his home, carried far away in a motor-car and murdered—how is not yet known. As I write, his body has not been found. Faced with the indignation of the public, which spread even among the ranks of the Fascist parliamentary majority, after hesitation and delay which gave the impression of complicity, the police arrested several of the material executors of the crime. Still later, they arrested three of the instigators, but only after these had found time to destroy all their compromising documents. They are men who occupied confidential positions in the group of friends or officials of Signor Mussolini: Césare Rossi, the chief of his press service; Marinelli, the manager of the Fascist party, and Signor Filippelli, the director of the Fascist newspaper. The chief of the assassins has proved to be a certain Dumini, a devoted personal friend and follower of

the Prime Minister, a typical figure of post-war days, a brave soldier during the war—later, unemployed and unscrupulous—a participator in, or an organizer of, many of the “punitive expeditions” of the time that preceded the “march on Rome” and of many attacks upon members of parliament and journalists in the subsequent period. The voice of the public was also raised in accusation of complicity against Signor Finzi, undersecretary at the Ministry of the Interior, an intimate friend of d’Annunzio and Mussolini, intermediary between the two, and formerly a courageous aviator (he accomplished the raid on Vienna with d’Annunzio). Later he became a Fascist deputy and minister, grown rich in a very brief spell of power. General De Bono, one of the directors of the “march on Rome,” soon to become chief of police and chief of the national militia—likewise a brave soldier and a miserable failure in politics—was also among the accused.

Mussolini, under the stress of outraged public opinion, and urged by a group of ministers, which we may call the group of gentlemen (Gentile, Federzoni, Oviglio, De Stefani, Di Giorgio), relin-

quishing the hope that the episode might resolve itself into a mere nine days' scandal, was obliged to give severe orders to the police, to allow the magistracy free play, to ask Finzi and Rossi to resign, to place a substitute for De Bono at the head of the police and to name Federzoni Minister of the Interior.

The excitement of public opinion has been in part an emotional phenomenon and in part a political one. The emotional element is due to the circumstances of the crime, which had a romantic aspect and was of a nature to awaken general pity and to stir all consciences. Signor Matteotti has left a wife and three young children—who do not even know where the body of their father is to be found. It is not known whether he was subjected to torture. For whole days the lack of precise information, the revelation of the conspiracy, the irritating nonchalance of the authorities, the growing complicity of eminent political personalities, had held the public interest taut. Crowds, eager, curious, stampeded the stands of the news-dealers; while in public places, and trains, as well as in private houses, nothing else but the "affaire Matteotti" was spoken of. The compassion and sympathy of all, the sense of shame and resentment aroused in every Italian at seeing his country blemished by an act so foreign to the character of the race—all this augmented impatience and the anger against those who were the instigators of the crime and morally responsible for it.

A grave political and financial background was revealed, when Signor Filippelli, the Director of the "Corriere Italiano," was implicated in the affair. This newspaper had appeared in Rome for less than a year; it was extremely vulgar and sensational in the means that it employed to gain readers. It was prone to publish hectoring articles, and offered a meagre news-service. It owed its existence entirely to generous subsidies. But the murder laid bare the fact that this newspaper was merely the financial base of a criminal association, whose means were unconsciously supplied by powerful industrial chiefs of northern Italy, especially of Genoa. The menaces of the journal against the opponents of the government were often followed by such an assault as ended in the Matteotti case with the death of the victim; and the direction of this organization lay, it would seem, in the hands of Rossi himself, its secret inspirer, the "homme de confidence" of Mussolini.

A strange coincidence has been noted: the assaults upon Mussolini's opponents took place whenever Mussolini, in his speeches, showed an inclination to come to an agreement with his adversaries and to inaugurate a political system based on legality! It would seem as though the little gang needed, in order to go on, to hinder Mussolini's success in that reconciliation with certain forces of the nation, which he at times desired.

They lived on disorder and strove to increase it.

The metamorphosis of public opinion has been rapid. Many other misdeeds had been perpetrated against the cause of liberty, but they had not made so great an impression. Many of these offences were directed against political liberties (freedom of the press, of opinion, of assembly) for which Italians are not particularly avid; whereas this one was against personal liberty, of which Italians are extremely jealous.

This transformation of public opinion, as a consequence of which, in one day, thousands of Fascist emblems were seen to disappear from men's button-holes, shows that the public assent to the Fascist régime had been considerably corroded and undermined. The steps taken by the government during a year and a half have increased the taxes, rendered the scholastic administration more severe, discharged thousands of employes and have, in consequence, created an atmosphere in which discontent lay near the surface.

The so-called "filofascista" press, that is to say the press which, without subscribing to the doctrines of Fascism, had preserved, either for love of peace or from interest, an attitude of great friendliness towards the government, at once raised its voice and constrained Mussolini to weed out the obnoxious elements of the Ministry of the Interior, which had fostered all the protectors and accomplices of the criminal clique.

Many misdeeds had been tolerated because they were held to be a necessary consequence of the Fascist revolution, but Mussolini was expected to discipline the perpetrators. When it was learned, however, that these rebels were liberally paid and that the disobedient disciples were living in daily contact with Mussolini, popular sentiment felt its trust betrayed. It rebelled against Mussolini himself. Either Mussolini was an accomplice in what had been done, and so unworthy to govern the country; or else he was blind, and had not noticed what was going on around him. Most significant of all, if he was weak, not daring to apprehend his accomplices of yesterday, Mussolini's mask of strength fell.

An important political event, the result of the moral discomfort in which Mussolini and Fascism find themselves, is the rise of the Nationalists. In February, 1922, the Nationalist party was fused with the Fascist party. But a real amalgam had not been possible. The men who had supported Nationalism were politically more cultured, more economically independent, more consistent, than the Fascists. The followers of Fascism who have been implicated in the Matteotti crime all belong to the ranks of the Left; they spring from revolutionary forces, and they attempted to urge Mussolini towards a second revolution of a demagogic character, with shady banking associations. On the other hand the Nationalists have held themselves aloof from these contacts and tendencies; and so, after the murder, it is natural that they should have resumed their ascendancy. The appointment of Fed-

erzoni, for many years Nationalist leader, as Minister of the Interior is the product of this situation. He is an honest, able, cultured man, gifted with great tact, and has succeeded in beginning his work of restoration of law amidst the general approbation of public opinion. Hence it is that the personal position of Mussolini appears considerably changed. It may be said, in brief, that he is no longer "Il Duce." The aureole of infallibility and absolute will has vanished. His own majority protesting, as well as some of his ministers, he is now obliged to negotiate with the opposition, which has taken the initiative by abandoning the Chamber, and by showing its resolution to establish conditions which constitute an encroachment on Mussolini's absolute powers. Moreover, the Crown apparently does not contemplate this diminution with distaste.

On the other hand it must not be supposed that the position of the Prime Minister has been excessively shaken. Around him still converge many personal sympathies and ties. The Mussolini myth is ended; there still remains, however, the man.

Moreover, as soon as the wave of emotion over the Matteotti case began to subside, leaving room for cooler political considerations, many asked themselves whether it was possible to allow Mussolini and his régime to fall, without inflicting serious harm to Italy.

To these reflections, which have become the dominant motif of the conservative press and of industrial and agrarian circles, the tone has been given by the Vatican. The Vatican had looked of late with a certain distrust towards Fascism. It had accepted all its concessions (religious instruction in schools, acceptance of ecclesiastical ceremonies in state functions, etc.) but it had never given its approval or adherence to the régime. But today, faced with the danger that the fall of the present system may mean the return of an anti-clerical or at least agnostic democracy, the Vatican has pronounced a word of tolerance. This attitude has also been adopted in the Senate by the chief representatives of the Catholics, who have supported Mussolini and voted in his favor.

And now that Mussolini no longer awakens fear, the entire middle class and the banking world support his rule as a transition to some other régime, on the theory that shocks that might prove dangerous to the country, may thus be avoided. The Matteotti scandal has profoundly modified the conditions of the political struggle in Italy. The press is now surer of itself, and politicians are more at ease regarding their safety; violence can no longer be counted upon to guarantee coöperation.

There are also several who belong to the so-called revisionistic tendency, and who have attempted to transform Fascism into a modern party, capable of thought and self-criticism, and of competition with the other parties in the field of ideas. There are still powerful interests in some regions, such as Emilia, lower Lom-

bardy, Tuscany, and the Abruzzi which remain deeply devoted to Fascism. The excitement over the Matteotti murder has been above all in the cities; the rural districts have taken a much smaller part in it.

The groups of the opposition, which after the crime joined to form a committee, consist of the Constitutional Democrats (Amendola), the Social-Democrats (Di Cesarò), the Republicans (Conti), the Unitarian Socialists or Labor party (Turati), the Maximalist Socialists (Nobili) and the Populists or Catholics (De Gasparri). These forces all vary in character and power. Among them only three parties have any influence with the masses throughout Italy: the Labor Socialists, the Maximalist Socialists and the Populists. The Communists left the committee because Moscow did not desire collaboration with the bourgeois parties.

As I write, the opposition is not agreed on the conditions to propose before returning to the Chamber; several members, especially the Socialists, are more uncompromising and demand the resignation of Mussolini; others would be satisfied with the dissolution of the national militia, which really forms the gravest obstacle to a return to normal constitutional conditions.

Fascism has shown its weakness too soon. The accident of the Matteotti case has prevented its accomplishing liberal education, which it was in the way of achieving.

The transition to another régime will be neither easy nor immediate. Fascism remains a hard bone to gnaw, and Mussolini may still have more than one string to his bow.

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI.

The Hound

Some are sick for Spring and warm winds blowing
Over close-sheathed buds and a patch of old snow,
With the early arc-lamps delicately bowing
Across thin sunshine that hesitates to go.

But it's not for any April promises I sicken,
Tho their stammering sweetness be a plucked string;
My mind is bent toward Autumn, I am shaken
More by her denials than by all the hopes of Spring.

The curt cold days, the blue and windy weather,
The smoke of burning brushwood keener than a frost,
An orchard full of odors night is wise to gather,
The fur-collared stubble where the flower is lost.

A clear green sunset and a pale moon showing,
A sense of dawning ends, like the light in the sky.
Autumn is a hound that shrills, my heart is for her
gnawing,
The quarry goes to Autumn, let Spring die.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

"Dickey De Lion's Delight"

*Sir Guy was a doughty Crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader
And Dickey de Lion's delight.*—Bab Ballads.

DO you know about Frank Tucker? It is helpful and rather necessary to know his story if you are the least bit curious about how La Follette came to be where he is today. The tale reveals the quality of the La Follette following.

To begin, Frank Tucker was dead. Everybody knew that he was dead. There was no doubt about it. The progressive Republicans of Wisconsin had nominated him for Attorney-General. In the last week of the campaign Tucker jumped from a bridge and killed himself. Every voter in the state knew of his death. Tucker's opponent was a Reactionary (spelled with a capital R always in Wisconsin). The progressives had to decide what to do. They said: "Better a dead progressive than a live reactionary," and gave Frank Tucker a thumping majority. That was the state of mind of the La Follette following in Wisconsin in September, 1910.

And now in 1924 you see how naturally and inevitably it follows that Zona Gale and two men can write to La Follette:

"We lay before you today, after less than a month of activity, the signatures of more than two hundred thousand American men and women in every state in the Union, who desire to enlist under your standard.

"We do not seek to dictate what plans for mobilization and attack you shall employ. We are content to rest upon your wisdom, ripened by years of practical experience on the political battlefield. We await merely your command, 'Forward, march.'"

On these terms La Follette is a candidate without a party for the Presidency. As such he is the most interesting figure in American political life today. He commands respect and admiration even in quarters where he does not get support for his political ideas. He is so obviously sincere and courageous and honest, and such an indomitable fighter. He cannot be sneered down nor jeered down nor bribed. Either he has been right all his life or wrong all his life for he has not veered either to the right or to the left. Men have fooled him. He has picked many a lemon in the public gardens of politics.

Mr. Taft, for example. La Follette thought Mr. Taft a progressive in the Wisconsin meaning of the term. He traveled through his own state with the candidate and commended him. He voted for him. He has never voted for another President since 1908. He has handed in his ballot with the Presidential electors unmarked. In 1912 he was not sure of Wilson, he did not want to follow

Roosevelt out of the Republican party, and of course, Taft had become poison ivy to him. In 1916 an effort was made to force La Follette to declare his choice between Hughes and Wilson. A committee came to him and demanded an answer. He declined. They said: "We will heckle you at your meetings and make you answer."

Sure enough, at his first big meeting a man stood up and cried: "But you haven't told us how we should vote this year. Are we to be for Hughes or Wilson?"

La Follette replied: "When you go into the voting booth draw the curtains behind you. Then go down on your knees and ask God for guidance and direction. If He gives it to you, follow it." He was not heckled again in that campaign.

La Follette as he sits here in Washington these hot summer days is an engaging figure. He is so clearly what he is and what he always has been, an honest man engaged in public service. He had his sixty-ninth birthday last June. The years have brought him tolerance and reasonableness. He is not so bitter as he used to be. He does not flame out against his political opponents as was his wont. He is not nearly so suspicious. He looks what he is, an old fighting man full of scars and ripened by experience. He is very much at his ease. He is making his last great fight and he knows it. He has no regrets. He has had one objective in national life ever since he came to Washington in 1906: "To break the combined power of the private monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people. . . ."

The government at Washington is now and has been for a quarter of a century, in the hands of small but powerful groups, acting together and controlling it in their own interest.

The supreme issue involving all others, is the encroachment of the powerful few upon the rights of the many. We must . . . meet these problems, or we shall pass them on, with all the possibilities of violent chaos and conflict, to our children.

We are unalterably opposed to any class government, whether it be the existing dictatorship of the plutocracy or the dictatorship of the proletariat. Both are essentially undemocratic and un-American.

To my certain knowledge, La Follette was talking in those terms in 1910 and 1911 and though you spend hours with him today it is from the same text that he preaches.

La Follette does not give any impression of carrying a weight of years. He wears gay clothes, a light black and white checkered effect, or linen crash, the normal Washington wear in summer. He has a trick waistcoat and a trick hat.

He carries a lot of junk in his pockets. The trick

waistcoat is made of black silk and has no back or front. It has only sides, and the sides have pockets, and the pockets are full of fountain pens, pencils, spectacle cases—that sort of impedimenta. The contrivance hangs from his shoulders under his coat as a pair of holsters might hang from a saddle. It is La Follette's own invention. He will show it to you with considerable pride.

His hat has a crown of fine, light, woven Philippine fibre and a mouse-colored felt brim. There may be lots of these hats. It just happens I never saw one. Neither of these arts and crafts products has anything to do with Mr. La Follette, perhaps, but they do show the workings of an imagination, a certain liveliness of mind. Nobody ever bought a hat like that without a conscious cerebration. He had some sort of an idea. Maybe he likes that kind of hat.

However all that is but trivia. The important thing to report about Mr. La Follette just now is that he seems to have acquired a spirit of sweet reasonableness; to have acquired a facility for mutual easements and accommodations. His trouble always has been, to my notion, that he was trying to hustle us into salvation, not subject to amendment or compromise. He has always seemed to me too much like one of those figures described by George Santayana:

Liberty for all pensive or rabid apostles of liberty, meant liberty for themselves to be just so, and to remain just so forever, together with the most vehement defiance of anybody who might ask them, for the sake

of harmony, to be a little different. They summoned every man to become free in exactly their own fashion, or have his head cut off.

To coöperate with anybody seems to these esprits forts contamination, so sensitive are they to any deviation from the true worth which their compass might suffer through the neighborhood of any human magnet.

I have a notion gained from recent contacts that La Follette is not so hard to please as he was; that age has mellowed as well as ripened him. He is not so flinty. He seems to want to be on good terms with his fellow-men. Senators have noticed this new desire for fellow-ship and commented upon it. His convictions are as strong as ever and his political ideas as definite, but nowadays he offers them; he does not try to ram them down your throat. He is still a hard-headed, hard-fisted practical man; a politician as well as a Crusader. He knows perfectly well what he is about. This, his last political campaign will be managed so as to develop the last ounce of strength he can bring to his aid. Mr. Clem Shaver and Mr. W. M. Butler will have a shrewd experienced politician and not a dreamer to oppose. He is a veteran of the wars; he knows how to fight fire with fire.

And finally and to his lasting credit he has run a straight course. It has brought him logically, naturally, inevitably to his present posture in the national scheme as the leader of the whole group of political non-conformists. His job is to cement them. November will show what measure of success he has.

EYE-WITNESS.

Unedited Opinions

I. Literature In America

WELL, I suppose you have come to the usual conclusion—that American literature is a raw, crude attempt to imitate European literature?

Oh, no, I brought that conclusion with me: but I have not been able to keep it.

You mean you no longer agree with it?

For two reasons: first, it is not true; and second, it could not be true.

Why could not be?

Because America is unaware of European literature: I mean unaware in our sense of the word. To know a literature it is necessary to have it before one's mind as a continuous whole. One should be able to "place" any work in the narrative story of its country's literary history. But here in America you are satisfied with isolated episodes, so to speak, in the literary history of Europe: with the consequence that you are influenced, not by European literature as a whole, but merely and occasionally by one or another chance writer.

But if these are the best, what is our loss? Not even omnivorous America can be expected to read the whole of each European literature. We *must* depend upon selections.

Naturally, only there is all the difference in the world between a chance selection and a selection made upon a survey of the whole. Let me illustrate. In the seventeenth century Europeans went to China and brought back Chinese curios. Some were wonderful, some were ridiculous; and a corresponding impression of China was stamped on the common judgment of European peoples. They romanticized about China, crediting her, at one extreme, with an impossible perfection, and, at the other extreme, with an impossible infantilism. China was a monster, part ancient sage and part imbecile child. Nowadays we have a more correct conception of China, and we can "place" any Chinese work of art in its proper relation to its own native setting. We have not merely "curios," but examples of definite schools. In a word, we know China and

not merely a chance collection of Chinese works. Now my feeling is that European literature, as a whole, is to America today much what Chinese culture has been, until recently, to the Western world: that is to say, a collection of fragments without the background of pattern. You don't know the pattern, the plan, the historic moulds of European literature; and, in consequence, your knowledge cannot be said to be really knowledge. That is why I say American literature is *not* an attempt to imitate European literature; but only, and in only some instances, an attempt to imitate some particular European writer.

But how have you arrived at such a conclusion? What is the evidence?

The extraordinary incongruity of the values your critics attach to European writers. You not only give wrong values to our works, but you violently disagree among yourselves. Having no common background of European literary values, your critics set up individual standards, based entirely on the European book they have happened to read. If, for example, one of them happens to have read Wells, then all European values are measured by that yardstick. Another critic happens (probably as a boy) to have read, say, Dostoevski, then all Europe is divided for him into two parts, Dostoevski and not Dostoevski. The domestic wrangles that follow are amusing to watch, but they cannot be said to be of literary importance.

You would not have us agree, would you? After all, your own European critics are not exactly birds in a nest. We catch echoes of wrangles among you.

Certainly, and the more the better, provided that the disputants stand on a common ground. On a complete European background, any number of differences are possible, for the picture is always subject to re-arrangement. But in the absence of that common background, the disputes concern merely parts of the picture. You re-arrange parts without observing the effect upon the whole.

For instance?

Well, take a recent case. Croce, I understand, has been for some time an influential European in American critical schools. Now Croce in Europe is "placed" in relation to the whole of European values: he stands, let us say, in the Platonic tradition with the admixture of a good deal of logical charlatanism. If, now, Croce comes to be re-valued, everything associated with him must undergo a correspondent marking up or down. Croce cannot suddenly rise in value without affecting the values of all his class. But here, in America, you appear to think this possible. You think you can become as enthusiastic as you please about Croce without consequentially re-arranging other values. I say you think so; but, in fact, you do not think about it at all. Up go your hats for Croce, and the crowns of fallen kings disappear unobserved.

But surely you will allow that Croce may have a value for America different from his value for Europe. Why should we not estimate your values by our needs? What is the objection to our re-arranging European values to suit our own table of values? You would not have the European table swallowed whole in America?

By no means. Every original culture has its own table of values which it must preserve at the risk of its life. But equally every such culture must respect the values of another culture; just as every real religion respects every other real religion. I do not become a Mohamedan because I try to understand Mohamedanism as a whole. On the other hand, if without trying to understand Mohamedanism I were to place the Bahaists above the Dervishes I should simply be outraging Mohamedan values without acquiring new values of my own. In the same way, if you put Bergson above Kant; you are simply outraging European values and deriving none for yourself.

I dispute the latter. Why none for ourselves?

Because to become a whole you must see wholes. One culture profits by another only when it sees that other as a whole. After all, what is culture but an attempt to see more and more wholly? For the present there is no American culture in the real sense, just because there is no striving to see European culture as a whole. So long as you remain satisfied with chance excavations from European culture, so long will your own culture remain fragmentary and formless. You will create an American culture, neither by swallowing European fragments, nor by accepting European standards; but only by seeing European culture objectively as a whole.

A. R. ORAGE.

CORRESPONDENCE

How it Feels to be Born in the Middle West

SIR: I am completely staggered by this great flood of eulogy about the Middle West. Every paper or magazine I pick up is filled with glowing accounts of what a wonderful place it is—how it is the Heart and Soul of America and what a great privilege it is to be born there. I would have given anything to have known this a few years ago.

I was born there and worked for twenty years to get away from it. It is the hottest and coldest place in the world; nothing in New York ever seems cold to me and when I read about people dying from strokes I wonder what they have been running after. When I was there (before I was enlightened about this Heart and Soul business) I thought the people had to work harder and got less out of their work than any other place in the United States. The people I knew were all trying to save up enough money to get to California, and personally I looked upon the East as the Garden referred to in Genesis. We people who lived there, who produced the hogs and the steers and the wheat for the cities, worked and slaved for a lifetime to die slightly in debt. That was what I saw—and staggering in from a long day's toil I read about somebody else in New York who had

just cleaned up a million. At last, by superhuman efforts I was able to get away from the Middle West and came to New York; I looked upon it as the Land of Opportunity and bought a house and settled down to raise a family.

But now I see that I am all wrong—I'm simply not treating my family right by bringing them up in the East. Now, I suppose, I've got to sell out, cash in for what I can, and go back to God's Own Country.

HOMER CROY.

New York City, N. Y.

Undiluted La Follette

SIR: In spite of our great admiration for Senator La Follette we are quite incapable of sharing the New Republic's view that his platform is a miracle of courage. Indeed the second Cleveland convention appears to have been almost as muffled and choked as the first.

True, everything about which the progressives were unanimous appeared in their platform, if that be a miracle of courage. But there were points on which they were sharply divided and of these we heard nothing. Mr. William Johnston is a passionate believer in the League of Nations—Senator La Follette is not. Was the matter discussed on the floor of the convention? Certainly not.

Presumably a number of progressives hate the Klan, but there are Nordic Protestant votes in the West and Northwest. Was the Klan mentioned? Certainly not.

The Democratic Convention undoubtedly evaporated in futility, but it fought two real fights. It was enriched and given life to by diverse contributions of opinion and genuine controversies on principle.

The Republican party offers us an undiluted Coolidge just as the progressives offer us an undiluted La Follette. Both are surrounded by satellites and supporters rather than by equals and contributors. The Democratic party in spite of its weak and evasive platform is nevertheless the only party which is not the acquiescent echo either of a man or a superman.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

New York City, N. Y.

[The New Republic's statement regarding Senator La Follette's platform was comparative, merely attempting to classify the platform in its relation to the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties.—THE EDITORS.]

What Bad Prisons Mean

SIR: I would like to have this letter read, not only by those who are in general agreement with me on the prison question, but also by those who are, or think they are, opposed to my views. The trouble is, in most instances, we talk or write to our friends, or to those who agree with us, and who do not need our message.

Many people say they do not agree with us at all on the prison question—they often say, "Give it to the prisoners good and hard." I would like to have a chance to explain to those people what I do advocate on this question.

I claim that we cannot define a criminal class, but that they are all mixed up with the general community. Have you ever thought of it, all the people of mature age who are going to be sent to prison within the next twenty years are already born and are now among the general populace—children or adults. Add to this number the people who have come out of prisons during the last ten or twenty years and you can see that there must be a good sprinkling of people among us who have been or are going to be put into prison some time or other. Now, you may say that does not make any difference, even if some of our own family or descendants should be punished, that you have no sympathy for such, and they should be treated just as harshly as others. I am not arguing with a view of enlisting your interest in the treatment of prisoners on that account. I only want to show that we cannot draw the line very rigidly.

The matter of discipline or actual treatment of prisoners in prisons is a function that must be exercised by the duly appointed elected authorities, but we strongly recommend abandoning the idea of torture or revenge. We would rather have the public

made as safe as possible by carrying out the law and by having swift and sure justice, which after all is the best deterrent, having the safety of the community in view.

All civilized countries are gradually abandoning extreme severity. The idea that you can stop crime by cruelty, by whipping, by death penalties for many offences and the like has long been found to be useless. It is not only bad for the prisoner but for the community that practices it. The same as the principal objection to slavery is not so much the question whether the slaves are much better off being free, but that it means a low grade of civilization if people are permitted to engage in the practice of buying, selling or trading in human beings.

From the Official Report of the "Old Bailey Experience—Criminal Jurisprudence," published by James Fraser, London, in 1833, I quote the following:

"Meredith, speaking of a bill which was passed to punish with death, stealing in a shop, or lifting anything off a counter with intent to steal, relates a case which is too remarkable to omit. He says, 'Under this Act, one Mary Jones was executed, whose case I shall just mention; it was at the time when press-warrants were issued, on the alarm about Falkland Islands. The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for some debts of his, and she, with two small children, turned into the streets a-begging. 'Tis a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she was very young (under nineteen) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her, and she laid it down; for this she was hanged. Her defense was (I have the trial in my pocket) that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then she had no bed to lie on; nothing to give her children to eat, and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did. The parish officers testified the truth of this story, but there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate—an example was thought necessary—and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of some shopkeepers.'

Perhaps it would have been better if some of the Ludgate shopkeepers had been hanged instead of this woman; anyway we do not go to that extreme now, but we do a good many other things that we ought not to do.

Let the best people among the public take a greater interest in this difficult question. Let us keep politics out of it. Let the prisons be kept clean and sanitary and the prisoners treated decently so that they do not entirely lose their self-respect. Let there be a thorough and scientific examination of every prisoner entering prison to determine his physical and mental condition and the cause of the crime, and let the treatment and handling of the prisoner be determined accordingly. Let us have good, high class wardens, keepers and others in authority. Let us pay them fair salaries, making it understood that we regard their positions as high class and honorable ones if they properly carry out their duties. Let us endeavor to make a success of the industrial work to be undertaken in the prisons, including the farm work, the goods manufactured there to be used by the institutions of the state, the profit to pay for the maintenance of the prisoners, the support of their dependents and a part to be made available to pay the prisoners a wage for their work. Uncleanliness and laziness breed crime. Getting the prisoner used to honest and decent work, especially such work as he can use after his discharge and inculcating in him the working habit will result in keeping many from further crime and in getting them back to natural conditions.

I want to stop the ill treatment of prisoners and the mismanagement of prisons, not only for the sake of the prisoners themselves but for the sake of the public. It is a low grade civilization where those in charge do not properly take care of their dependents.

In the publication, *The World's Famous Prisons*, by the Grolier Society of London, the first volume referring to conditions in the eighteenth century, concludes as follows:

"Both the atrocity of the crimes and the barbarity of the punishments surpass everything the twentieth century has shown, while to the populace generally the highwayman and the bully were heroes."

You will notice that at that time great severity against the prisoners was practiced without stopping crimes of violence, but on the contrary rather increasing crime.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

New York City, N. Y.

Portraits in Encaustic—I

THE DUKE.

THE duke is one of the richest men in Italy. The seat of the family is an immense palace on the Riviera, with an oblong garden twice as large again. The wall of this garden joins on to another house almost as large as the palace, and behind this house is another oblong garden with an avenue of old cypresses on two sides and ancient lemon trees in great jars. Through the south end of the house a gallery leads into this from the garden of the palace.

It has been a century and more since the duke's, or any family for that matter, could occupy all the palace, much less the other house; and so, for a good round sum, he broke the traditions of the place ten years ago and rented this house to an English gentleman. The privilege, however, stopped short at this point. The newcomers might look out of window as much as they chose but their doors to the garden were locked and sealed; they were not to put a foot in it. But the state of the world since the great war has reduced the duke's income by several millions, and last New Year's he consented, after long urging, to rent the garden as well as the house. The contract was drawn up and signed; the English tenant agreed to pay a certain amount for the use of this second garden, and to set about improving and restoring it, since it had dropped into more or less of a mere orchard. In addition to this the contract agrees that the Englishman's gardener, or gardeners, shall take over the entire care of the duke's garden and that he shall supply flowers daily for the palace. It is also stipulated that he furnish the palace with flowers for all christenings, birthdays and funerals.

The gardener at first went about his heavy labors with enthusiasm, proud at the thought of serving the duke and of putting flowers in the palace. Later on his warmth abated a little, until at last in May he came to his padrone in indignation. The duke, he said, has asked now if they would not like to furnish flowers for the family church during the Virgin's month of May. He used a good many oaths and added finally, with Latin gravity, that with so many millions as the duke surely had, this was exaggerated.

The duke is a man of fifty-four or five. He reads in three languages besides his own, and his magazines and journals come from London and New York, Berlin and Paris. He sleeps in a great gilded bed with carved posts and a canopy of brocade. At the foot of his bed always is a black satin pillow with a skull sitting on it.

AMERICAN DANCERS

THEY are almost the same size, these two young matrons from America. Their figures are slight like boys; their hair is just recovering from the bobbed older mode and moving cleverly toward the newer. They left their husbands at home in New Jersey and have been on the Continent now a month. First they took from Paris the Oriental Express—four days to Constantinople if you are going straight through. But that they did not do. Every night they stopped off at some city that promised to be romantic and amusing. And every night of that whole tour in these towns and afterwards in Turkey they danced. Not a single night missed; with men they met on the trains or in the hotels, every night they danced; it was marvellous.

Here in Florence, where they have settled down for a little, they dance also every night. Their acquaintance among officers and other Italian gentlemen is already remarkable; and the number of letters, proposals, bouquets, that they receive makes the concierge gasp.

Some people set all this down merely to youth; they think these young women gay, wholesome and innocent. Some do not.

RUSSIAN LADIES

THE two Russian ladies I have seen daily at our pension in Florence. They are small and slight, with dark bands of hair about their heads and great eyes like the mosaics at Ravenna. They are dimly chic and energetic as they move about the house and the garden paths, delicate and vague, a kind of mystical aristocrats.

Looking at these two ladies one is puzzled. They have edges of poverty about them, but at the same time the things they wear are fine, their clothing and their bracelets and chains and rings. The two of them live in one small room at the end of the corridor; but one sees them at Giocosa's at tea, and meets them in the hall with bottles and with charming trays of pastries and chocolates. I have asked the padrone, who is a kindly and cultivated man, about these Russian ladies.

They came here, he tells me, something like a year after the armistice and took rooms on the garden. Soon after their arrival, however, they consulted him and explained the state of their affairs; they had been utterly ruined by the Bolsheviks and had escaped from Russia through the help of friends. He understood their misfortune and offered them a small room together. He would expect them to pay for the present only a fifth of the usual rate for pension, the balance could be adjusted later on; at which they wept and kissed his hand and thanked him.

Time went on, a year in fact. Meanwhile the ladies gave the maids no little trouble. For one thing they were always ringing for water. Finally they took to carrying water themselves from the faucets to their apartment. One evening the maid counted twenty-two pitchers carried in. They were always washing, they scrubbed the floors of the room, the threshold, the window sills. Moreover they were always shaking things out of the window. The padrone had seen them from the pavement below; there was no article of clothing from the skin out that had not at one time or another been shaken out of that window, which after all looked on the Arno and many passers-by. And they threw things into the street. How many times had he paid fines on that account!

For all these things the padrone had often remonstrated with these ladies, who with tears in their eyes had said they were very sorry.

Two years passed and gradually the Russians had got rid of most of their possessions. There was someone who managed the sales for them, and gave them absurd prices for the furs and diamonds they had; though the padrone would gladly have taken these at a just price, and said as much to them. Several times lately he has confronted them with the injustice of their spending so much money at Giocosa's and elsewhere, when they are so much in debt to him. And besides what is going to become of them, he asked, when they have spent everything? Ah, yes, they said, alas, what will become of them? How good he has been! they dropped on their knees and kissed his hand and called him indeed their savior. Once in a

while also at Giacosa's they gave tea parties to Russian friends.

Finally the padrone has hit on a plan to impress on these ladies the state of affairs. He has drawn up in due legal form a bond in which these ladies agree to pay to him the full sum for the three years' pension owed to him. The exact amount in lire is stated and the date for payment is fixed for the first month after the reestablishment of the Imperial régime in Russia and the return of former conditions. This bond the ladies formally signed, and again they have thanked him and kissed his hand.

At the same time the padrone has gone to the Russian consul, a gentleman who was the Czar's consul before the war and has remained somehow under the same title ever since; he has told the consul of these ladies and has said that he thinks he has done his part and more, and that after three years some one else ought to take them over. The consul thanked him as a Russian, and says that we must indeed find someone.

STARK YOUNG.

Papini Finito

THE study of language never had any great appeal for me. For one thing, it is too easy. Ever since my first juvenile lessons in Latin the difficulty of attaining the ordinary breast stroke in even the forgotten languages has seemed to me a quite inadequate hazard for social aspirants. If the moderately defective children of the candy man were able to learn Greek without conscious effort and now speak it with the fluency and conviction which others of their kind offer to English, the affectation of Greek is a trifle ineffective as a test of distinction, intellectual and social. Of course, one might write elegant French lyrics like Swinburne's. Yes, but possibly that could be postponed with profit until after the composition of a few hymns to Proserpina in English. Or one might read the great European classics in their native garb. Of course. One might also lie awake in bed bathed in the grandeurs of *Paradise Lost*. Unfortunately, however, one doesn't. In America one masters French as a part of the ritual of "finishing"; Italian upon the grand tour as the permanent sun-burn of European travel; and Yiddish in the garment trades.

As a native-born, white Protestant committed by some generations of pioneer ancestors to seeing America first, I have contentedly allowed the language of Dante and Ponzi to remain a closed book to me. Consequently I had never read a line of Papini until Professor Wilkins translated *Four and Twenty Minds*, four years ago. That was a treat. It was an event, even a discovery. Here was a man as prejudiced as Mr. Mencken and even more entertainingly violent about it. After all, Mr. Mencken is of north European stock, and therefore congenitally limited in his vituperations. Furthermore Papini's prejudices were both more erudite and more sensible than those of the Bull of Baltimore, and hence doubly satisfactory to me. His choicest enemies appeared to be philosophers, and the very medicine men of metaphysics who had always seemed to me the darkest blot on an otherwise enlightened age. This man was certainly to be cultivated.

So I proceeded to cultivate. I inquired among my

better bred friends. And I discovered that Papini had been in general use for some time as a sort of intellectual relish in the land of olive oil and ravioli. His books were numerous, fluent and uniformly violent. They were the authentic ebullition of a quite picturesquely obstreperous youth. As a child, apparently, Papini had suffered such a stuffing with the heaviest work of the most portentous philosophers that he had developed a complete metaphysical immunity. After the first depression he had been able to throw off subtleties of any kind almost without effort. In the temerity of his prodigious resistance to all intellectual infection he started a magazine the whole object of which was to scoff at the profound, the established and the sacred. Modestly, he named it for his spiritual predecessor, Leonardo.

In Leonardo until the time of its demise, and after that in various other periodicals and in books galore, the Promethean youngster had been shaking his fist at all the Gods there are. In particular he had been baiting the mystery men. He stood for a simple cosmos, for intellectual integrity about it, for the finer scorn of common, flabby thought. Hegel was to him no more than a professional mystery maker who muddled the universe from sheer love of darker shades. Out with him! Bergson was a mystery monger who deeply pretended to be simple only to intrigue the silly. Out with him! Croce, Papini's southern countryman, was a concocter of verbal mysteries, spinning off reels of woolly stuff all in the same pale color. Out with him!

It all sounded remarkably gay and reassuring. Papini's pin was popping just the established reputations which had cut off my breeze. My glee, when I discovered he had written a book called the *Twilight of Philosophy*, was open and unabashed. Of course twilight: the dusk to which we resolute youngsters would later be the day, the day of free-thinking modernity.

Then I made another exciting find. William James had known Papini. He would, of course. William, like Henry, had the famous James brothers' inferiority complex over being American. Unlike Henry, he survived it. He roamed about Europe until he had assured himself that Cambridge, Mass., was more cosmopolitan than Prague or Heidelberg, as he says in his letters, and then he came back and wrote the book that has kept American psychology a lap ahead of Europe ever since. In the course of later wanderings he picked up Papini and hailed him as a brother. He wrote an article about him for *American Philosophers*, identifying him as a fellow pragmatist. The Italian firebrand was not, of course, a professional. That very fact charmed James, who was gentleman enough to retain his amateur standing through years of professoring. "To one accustomed to the style of article that has usually discussed pragmatism, Deweyism, or radical empiricism in this country," wrote the great W. J., "the Italian literature of the subject is a surprising, and to the present writer a refreshing novelty." The attraction was mutual. Half a dozen years after the death of his American discoverer Papini gathered various articles into a book called *Pragmatism* in which he admitted with the proper diffidence that William James had found him interesting.

Poor William James! He had nasty luck with his favorites. Bergson became a tea mystic, Eusapia Palladino a squalid trickster, Papini a defender of the established faith. Or perhaps, lucky William James! His

enthusiasms at least outlived him. They have remained unmodified, to haunt the later reputations of their subjects.

I wonder what James would have thought of the *Storia del Christo* with its passionate embrace of extra-reality, its hysterical dismissal of intelligence, its perverse vituperation of the sober scepticism of which the author's mind and character had previously been formed. No, not sober doubt. Papini had always been riotous, as riotous in doubt as he is now in belief. Perhaps this is the clue to his temperament. He is an engine without a governor, with boilers always at the bursting point. Or a racing car with disconnected steering gear. A danger to traffic wherever he appears. Now he is careening madly down the main highway of orthodoxy at a rate of a hundred thousand per edition. But at any minute he may turn a corner, with disastrous consequences especially to his passengers.

The new translation, called *The Failure*, seems to verify this diagnosis. The publishers, with rare subtlety, say of it: "This autobiographical novel of an unquiet and speculative soul may be called the vestibule to the life of Christ." That must mean something deep, since the book bears no close relation at all to the *Storia* in point of time. It came out first in Florence in 1912, two years before the war began. And long years: one can hardly suppose that Papini then anticipated the effect the war would have on his spiritual processes. But the book is a portrait of terrific force without a rudder. Here Papini does reveal himself, a wild and gusty soul, violent, infinitely unstable and insatiably ambitious. The failure over which he smites his breast is simply that he has not moved the world as he repines to do. He must stir multitudes. He must be a Messiah or an anti-Christ. He will stride the earth. He has not done it despite his self-consuming fires. But he will! He will!

Well, he has.

C. E. A.

The Enchanted Organ

Thackeray and His Daughter, The Letters and Journals of Anne Thackeray Ritchie, edited by her daughter, Hester Ritchie. New York: Harper Brothers. \$5.00.

THE enormous respectability of Bloomsbury was broken one fine morning about 1840 by the sound of an organ and by the sight of a little girl who had escaped from her nurse and was dancing to the music. The child was Thackeray's elder daughter Anne. For the rest of her long life, through war and peace, calamity and prosperity, Miss Thackeray, or Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, or Lady Ritchie, was always escaping from the Victorian gloom and dancing to the strains of her own enchanted organ. The music, at once so queer and so sweet, so merry and so plaintive, so dignified and so fantastical, is to be heard very distinctly on every page of the present volume.

For Lady Ritchie was incapable at any stage of her career of striking an attitude or hiding a feeling. The guns are firing from Cremorne for the taking of Sebastopol, and there she sits scribbling brilliant nonsense in her diary about "matches and fairy tales." "Brother Tomkins at the Oratory is starving and thrashing himself because he thinks it is right," and Miss Thackeray is reading

novels on Sunday morning "because I do not think it is wrong." As for religion and her grandmother's miseries and the clergyman's exhortations to follow "the one true way," all he knows is that it is her business to love her father and grandmother, and for the rest she supposes characteristically "that everybody is right and nobody knows anything."

Seen through this temperament, at once so buoyant and so keen, the gloom of that famous age dissolves in an iridescent mist which lifts entirely to display radiant prospects of glittering spring, or clings to the monstrous shoulders of its prophets in many tinted shreds. There are Mr. Fitz Gerald and Mr. Spedding coming to dinner, "as kind and queer and melancholy as men could be"; and Mrs. Norton "looking like a beautiful slow sphinx"; and Arthur Prinsep riding in Rotten Row with violets in his button hole—"I like your violets very much," said I, and of course they were instantly presented to me";—and Carlyle vociferating that a cheesemite might as well understand a cow as we human mites our maker's secrets; and George Eliot, with her steady little eyes, enunciating a prodigious sentence about building one's cottage in a valley, and the power of influence, and respecting one's work, which breaks off in the middle; and Herbert Spencer stopping a Beethoven sonata with "Thank you, I'm getting flushed"; and Ruskin asserting that "if you can draw a strawberry you can draw anything"; and Mrs. Cameron paddling about in cold water till two in the morning; and Jowett's four young men looking at photographs and sipping tumblers of brandy and water until at last "poor Miss Stephen," who has been transplanted to an island where "everybody is either a genius, or a poet, or a painter, or peculiar in some way," ejaculates in despair, "Is there *nobody* commonplace?"

"Poor Miss Stephen," bored and bewildered, staying with several cousins at the hotel, represented presumably the Puritanical conscience of the nineteenth century when confronted by a group of people who were obviously happy, but not obviously bad. On the next page, however, Miss Stephen is significantly "strolling about in the moonlight"; on the next she has deserted her cousins, left the hotel, and is staying with the Thackerays in the centre of infection. The most ingrained Philistine could not remain bored, though bewildered she might be, by Miss Thackeray's charm. For it was a charm extremely difficult to analyze. She said things that no human being could possibly mean; yet she meant them. She lost trains, mixed names, confused numbers, driving up to Down, for example, precisely a week before she was expected, and making Charles Darwin laugh—"I can't for the life of me help laughing," he apologized. But then if she had gone on the right day poor Mr. Darwin would have been dying. So with her writing, too. Her novel Angelica "went off suddenly to Australia with her feet foremost, and the proofs all wrong and the end first! !!"

But somehow nobody in Australia found out. Fortune rewarded the generous trust she put in it. But if her random ways were charming, who, on the other hand, could be more practical, or see things when she liked more precisely as they were? Old Carlyle was a God on one side of his face, but a "cross-grained, ungrateful, self-absorbed old nutcracker" on the other. Her most typical and, indeed, inimitable sentences rope together a handful of swiftly gathered opposites. To embrace oddities and

produce a charming, laughing harmony from incongruities was her genius in life and her letters. "I have just ordered," she writes, "two shillings' worth of poetry for my fisherman. . . . We take little walks together, and he carries his shrimps and talks quite enchantingly." She pays the old dropsical woman's fare in the omnibus, and in return the "nice, jolly nun hung with crucifixes" escorts her across the road. Nun and fisherman and dropsical old woman had never till that moment, one feels sure, realized their own charm or the gaiety of existence.

She was a mistress of phrases which exalt and define and set people in the midst of a comedy. With nature, too, her gift was equally happy. She would glance out of the window of a Brighton lodging-house and say: "The sky was like a divine parrot's breast just now, with a deep, deep, flapping sea." As life drew on, with its deaths and its wars, her profound instinct for happiness had to exert itself to gild those grim faces golden, but it succeeded. Even Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts and the South African war shine transmuted. As for the homelier objects which she preferred, the birds and the downs and the old charwoman "who has been an old angel, without wings, alas! and only a bad leg," and the smut-black chimney-sweeps, who were "probably gods in disguise," they never cease to the very end to glow and twinkle with merriment in her pages. For she was no visionary. Her happiness was a domestic flame, tried by many sorrows. And the music to which she dances, frail and fantastic, but true and distinct, will sound on outside our formidable residences when all the brass bands of literature have (let us hope) blared themselves to perdition.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Main Street's Uncle-at-Large

The Editor and His People: Editorials by William Allen White, selected by Helen Ogden Mahin. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

IT was twenty-nine years ago that a plump, blond young man with an inscrutable smooth pink face swung off the train in a Kansas town and proceeded to announce himself as the new owner of a local newspaper. In those twenty-nine years the young man, growing a little pinker and plumper in the process, has made himself a national reputation. He is the best known son of his state and the only outstanding personality in journalism, with one exception, between Chicago and San Francisco. He is a novelist with a solid, though slender, international reputation, and he is a genuine political expert in a country burdened with shoals of fakes. His town has expanded a little and his newspaper much, producing a comfortable fortune for him in the process. Growing older, he has become uncle-at-large to his town, state, country and universe, with all avuncular privileges in the way of advice, criticism, and reciprocated affection. Lately this man whom I am not about to nominate has had an honor which comes to precious few editors in towns big or little: a volume has been published containing assorted specimens of his editorials exhumed from the files where so much good writing—and bad—is given Christian burial.

Any collection of newspaper editorials of course smells of the museum. The editor tries to thrust through the

contemporaneous beetle the pin of moral philosophy. In no time at all the beetle has dried up and blown away, and to the curious observer, if there be one, the pin usually looks pathetic if not silly. It is an extraordinary tribute to any editorial, no matter how completely it once filled a need, if it proves fit to be read, after exhumation.

William Allen White's editorials, gathered into book form not through any motion of their author's but for classroom purposes at the University of Kansas, are much more than merely readable. Go through the book at a sitting, as I have just done, and you will find yourself in possession of several portraits: (a) the author, (b) Emporia, (c) any good country editor, (d) Main Street seen from the inside looking out, (e) America yesterday and today, America in its most characteristic phases. In fact, you get from the book a whole generation of American history in the Middle West. To help make this clear, these editorials from the files of the Emporia Gazette are doubly classified, as to date and as to theme—sections being entitled *Saith the Preacher*, *From Grave to Gay*, *The Decay of a Conservative*, and so on. You begin with the earnest young reactionary of the 'nineties, busily agitated about saving the country from the Populists, and you move forward on several fronts to the author of the recent Pulitzer Prize editorial in support of free speech—*To an Anxious Friend*—as fine a declaration of the faith of the liberal as has been written in our time.

That not the hastiest reader shall be able to go wrong, the author of these editorials has gone over and reedited his own work, putting up sign posts all the way. For instance, in the 1896 campaign he wrote: "The fight between the political parties today is for existing American institutions and against them." The White of 1924 observes: "Lo! the nice fat Walrus, tusks, flappers, mustache and ponderous tail."

In 1901: "For half a century the greed of the great captains of industry has been almost untrammelled." 1924: "The first tear dims the eye of the Walrus."

1904: "Give honest men an office as a result of an honest state-wide primary law, and government in this state will improve." 1924: "The Walrus sheds a tusk!"

And thus we proceed, while evolutionary process turns the Walrus into the Progressive March Hare. In 1905: "The Walrus has a chill!" (Over railroad domination of state politics.) "He is about to grow rabbit hair."

In 1906: "Why have we not seen before that politicians were stealing? Why this widening of the moral vision of the people?" 1924: "The emaciated Walrus, you will notice, has sprouted a cottontail!"

1909: "Just now in America great corporate combinations of capital in the trusts, are robbing the American people." 1924: "The March Hare—ladies and gentlemen—a perfect specimen. Walk right up and feel of his paws."

1910: "As more men live decent, friendly lives, the sooner will the day come when we shall no longer need jails and guns and bombs and starvation and poverty and war and disease to make us good." 1924: "The March Hare starts out, lippety, lippety, lippety."

I have copied out these quotations not only because I think them interesting for their own sake, but for the portrait they give of their author. People who are able to grow and keep on growing, year by year, are not so common, Heaven knows; but people who are willing to

do their growing in public, are not afraid to look back and laugh out loud at their own best of two decades ago, are more precious than rubies and considerably scarcer. When the man who does this thing is a country editor, his action proves he has an extraordinary hold upon his fellow-townsmen, since he does not need to pretend perfection before them. If everyone in the country didn't already know it, this book of editorials would be ample evidence that such is the relation between Bill White and his Emporia.

In considering the editor, the political expert, the small town combination of Moses and Talleyrand, Peter the Great and Confucius, one is likely to overlook the literary man, despite the novels this man White has to his credit, and the brilliant sketches of *In Our Town*. It should be noted therefore that there is as good prose in this book as has appeared in any American newspaper in this generation, as good prose as that of Frank Cobb, and sometimes better. Anyone who can read without crying the article on the death of Mary White, written in the blood of a father's heart, has something the matter with him. The description of the Kansas Literary Society (p. 215) is a masterly epitome of a people in four hundred words. The Pulitzer Prize editorial already referred to is not only a genuine American document of importance, but a powerful example of persuasive writing while in the grip of strong emotion. Even if you are not interested in studies of the American scene, there are many pages in this volume which will hold your attention; while for anyone who wants to know what Main Street is and has been like, it is at the head of the list of required reading.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

A Bourgeois Lincoln

In the Footsteps of the Lincolns, by Ida M. Tarbell. Harper Brothers. \$4.00.

MISS TARBELL'S attitude toward Lincoln has long been familiar to us all. She is an ardent hero worshipper. In an age that errs on the side of questioning all things, she has constituted herself a vestal of the sacred fire of tradition. But this is not all. She affectionately interprets tradition, firmly believing that when rightly seen it will always reveal the shadow, at least, of her own ideals. In the case of Lincoln she cannot believe that so great a man could have issued from any but a true blue bourgeois source. She is moved by a positive passion to establish two propositions—that he was of good social position, he and all his people, and that he and they were always, world without end, men and women of property.

To the detached historian who goes to history without any thesis to defend, this preoccupation with property, this horror of confessing any truth that links the hero with the lower social strata, is quite inexplicable—as much so as the fear to admit that Burns was a peasant or Bunyan a tinker. It is not that one cares a straw one way or the other about such things. If Miss Tarbell were willing to tell only the good things of her hero without generalizing them by implication, there would be no need to do anything but shrug one's shoulders. But, unfortunately, Miss Tarbell cannot resist pursuing her subject in a different vein. This book records a "pilgrimage" in which she followed the wandering of the Lincoln family and drew freely upon her notes of interviews with local

people, not only on this but on former journeys. By numerous remarks she lets the reader infer that the body of evidence thus collected is fully and fairly represented by the assertions she bases upon it. She is very fond of telling what "must have" taken place, and what "must have" influenced Lincoln, and what "must have" been his thoughts.

By way of a contrasting vein it would be as well to read Mr. Weik's recent volume, even if the latter leans a little toward disillusion. It is a positive relief to turn from Miss Tarbell's hushed pages, awe brooding over them all, to Mr. Weik's almost flippant endeavor to determine whether on March 26, 1856, Lincoln, as has been reported, attended a lecture by Thackeray at St. Louis. No concern in Mr. Weik's volume whether the hero had a literary fit that night or not. Merely an amused wonder. It is diverting, at least, to find that Mr. Weik can discover people who knew Lincoln and who had more human and less reverent recollections. For example, one who assured him "that if A. Lincoln was in St. Louis and the wonderful Mr. Thackeray was billed to lecture in one public hall and Campbell or Rumsey's negro minstrels were to hold forth in another hall on the same evening, it would have been folly to look for Lincoln at the lecture." Perhaps as far on one side the mark as Miss Tarbell's hero worship is upon the other, but as a corrective worth noticing.

In her insistence upon property and upon relative social standing, Miss Tarbell misses the real point. Those observers to whom Lincoln is still the most phenomenal of the children of the people are not silenced by being shown—if it can be shown—that Lincoln's relative poverty has been exaggerated; that he was no worse off than his neighbors. In fact, it would still miss the point to show that in early life he was prosperous. The real question is, did he issue from decayed gentility, or had his people, whatever their remote origin, lapsed into the estate of peasants, or of something near that. The issue can be focussed on the reputed vulgarity of his story telling. If we are to understand Miss Tarbell as presenting accurately the results of her investigations, we must conclude that nowhere in all her rambles, past and present, in her innumerable interviews with people who had known Lincoln, did she discover anyone who remembered that his stories were objectionable. He was a "droll" story teller—no more than that. She does not even recognize by refutation the accepted account. Were the people she talked with afraid of being frank with a lady? Or has her later addiction to the Boy Scouts so warped her memory that dread of the "young person" makes it impossible for her to recall what once she may have known. What has she to say of the large body of first-hand testimony to the character of Lincoln's earlier story telling, before experience had lifted him above his origin? Is there for her no solemn beauty in the later assertions that under the terrible strain of his ordeal all that fell away from him like the dropping of a beggar's cloak?

Here is the crux of the whole matter. The test case of the story telling is merely by way of a touchstone. This particular fact is of little consequence. What matters is the general character of the evidence with regard to Lincoln; whether in him we find the bourgeois ideal properly glorified—a commonplace person like you or me, only very much bigger—or whether in very truth the evidence makes him a bewildering genius, something incalculable, hard to comprehend in his entirety, unique.

NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON.

Fiction, More or Less

The Pipers of the Market Place, by Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

The Isle of Thorns, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

Country People, by Ruth Suckow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

Josslyn, by Henry Justin Smith. Chicago: Covici, McGee Company. \$2.00.

The Perfect Wife, by Phyllis Bottome. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

Proud Flesh, by Lawrence Rising. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

Wind's End, by Herbert Asquith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

RICHARD DEHAN first became known by authorship of the *Dop Doctor*, also called *One Braver Thing*, an amorphous novel in which strong lines of character and situation were obvious enough amid the general confusion. *The Pipers of the Market Place* recalls the confusion rather than the strength. There is a great assembling of the parts of a novel, but they are not all of the same make. Half obliterated trademarks of Dickens, George Borrow, and Hardy are legible here and there. The resulting structure stands up to be looked at but does not move. This is no great misfortune, however, because the author clearly has nowhere to go.

The Isle of Thorns is one of Sheila Kaye-Smith's earlier novels, the revival of which, if not absolutely necessary, is nevertheless, in the light of the author's later achievements, entirely pardonable. The structure of theme, plot and characters, all rather too skillfully imagined, is set up in the Sussex countryside, which Miss Kaye-Smith had made her own and ours. The attempt to make the scene the initiating force in the action betrays just the sort of artifice of which a young novelist would be unduly proud.

Country People is the account of three generations of German American farmers in Iowa, a log book translated into even narrative style with pleasant modulations, but without the slightest intrusion of emphasis or charm. In the long retrospect even the World War loses its salience and is graded down to the normal level of country life. There is genuine art involved in this abnegation of all the qualities and resources of fiction, an art which has hitherto found more followers in Europe than in America. Miss Suckow's narrative recalls Flaubert's *A Simple Heart*, or more recently Charles Philippe's *A Simple Story*; but in its extension in time and diffusion of interest among many characters it may be said to lack such concentration of interest as these masterpieces possess. We may say that Miss Suckow has beaten the Frenchmen at their own game and wins on points.

Josslyn is similarly a long record of experience, with the city instead of the country for background, and a single character instead of a family for its vehicle. The contrast between the ruthless materialism of society, typified by the newspaper as its distinctive product, and the sensitive individual soul who seeks to survive in it determines the pattern of the book; and the reaction of the "incorrigible dreamer" to his city world is its interest. An interest, it should be said, more concentrated than in *Country People*, but as in Miss Suckow's book quite in-

dependent of even the legitimate satisfactions of the novel.

Country people may be described as centrifugal, the interest diffusing itself through family, community, and landscape. In sharp contrast, *The Perfect Wife* is centripetal, the interest drawn to centre upon a group as distinct in their isolation as players on a stage. Miss Bottome has taken a situation—a typical one of the modern novel—in which a husband falls in love with a girl. Instead of invoking all the romantic consolations which belong to the occasion, the wife accepts the fact as it is and works out the problem of the happiness of two people at the expense of her innocent self. There are certain social implications in the case—What Half Rome said and *The Other Half Rome* and *Tertium Quid*—which clearly had something to do with it; but Miss Bottome resolutely limits her cast to the principals, and a fourth, a constant lover, who helps in working the story and suggests a denouement which the author characteristically suppresses. Unlike *Country People*, *The Perfect Wife* keeps the quality of fiction—of high bred fiction distinguished by restraint and good manners.

Proud Flesh is a story of San Francisco—and like that city is remarkable for its abrupt contours. On the lower levels we have characters and scenes done from life with journalistic precision, and above them tower cliffs of badly imagined adventure. The social movement of the city with its mingling of races, Spanish, Chinese, German, Irish, and its history including the earthquake, form the background of the book, against which the story is developed now with the sure hand of the artist and again with the hasty wavering strokes of the tyro. The book opens like a masterpiece and closes like motion picture melodrama.

Wind's End is for fiction lovers, pure and simple, who will be delighted to meet so many of their old friends and revive so many charming memories within one small book. To take these friends in order of seniority, there is the Byronic hero, his matter-of-fact sister, the moonlight heroine, the children with disturbing clairvoyance, the governess, watchful and acute, old servants, faithful and puzzled, the jolly rector and the gloomy tavern keeper, Sherlock Holmes and Watson. There is a haunted field, sudden death, mystery, fox hunting, Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, a love story that peeps timidly around the corner, and the latest popular superstition of science. No wonder Mr. Asquith toward the close of his feast, droops a bit languidly and writes as if he were jolly well fed up with it all.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Religion in the Making

The Birth and Growth of Religion, by George Foot Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

NOT since the appearance several years ago of Jevon's little book called *Comparative Religions* have we had anything in the field so concise and thorough as Professor George Foot Moore's new book. It is made up of eight lectures delivered by Professor Moore in Union Theological Seminary last year, and for clarity, directness, and sweep the book is altogether commendable. In little more than 170 pages the author traces the development of religion from its most primitive glimmerings as a defence-mechanism against the element, to its flowering as a way

and philosophy of salvation. There is, of course, no enumeration of details or discussion of hypotheses. When Dr. Moore says so abruptly, "religion did not create the idea of right and wrong nor of moral obligation," or "the conception . . . of a categorical imperative . . . is as much a figment as a specific religious faculty," he is not pontificating. He has evidence aplenty to support such assertions, but the brevity of this book precludes its presentation.

The work opens with the statement that the universal motive of religion is the impulse to self-preservation, and later the impulse to self-realization. The savage assumes from his experience with wild beasts and felling storms that there are certain powers in existence on which he is dependent and which he can mollify or even call to his aid. The story of the development from this primitive conception is then unfolded with an exemplary lack of flourish or irrelevance. It is shown how these nameless powers are individualized and come to be thought of as souls of spirits; how then out of the horde of them some rise above their fellows and become gods; and how finally they are all merged or forgotten in the conception of one all-powerful God. The beliefs about what comes after death are succinctly stated, and their development is traced in Zoroastrianism, Islam, Judaism, and the religions of India, Greece, and Rome. Similarly the various philosophies of salvation are traced to their sources.

To the author the culmination of all religious development is to be found in Christianity's syncretism of Jewish ethical monotheism, Hellenistic soteriology, and Greek philosophy. He does not, however, labor the point, so that one is left with little inclination to debate it with him. Professor Moore is a scientist, not a preacher, and in this attitude toward the non-Christian religions he endeavors to be not merely well-informed but also eminently fair. To the layman passingly interested in the history of religion it would be difficult to recommend a more informative and compact little book than this.

LEWIS BROWNE.

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